CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

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Edited by
HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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COVER DESIGN by Frederick D. Schwalm
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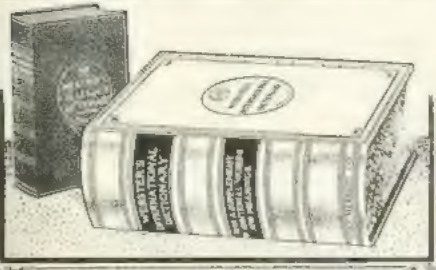

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

A New Name on a New Building

If you are on the market square in the heart of Winnipeg and look south along Princess street, the first thing to strike your eye will be the great iron sign of the John Deere Plow Co. Ltd. It stands out against the sky on the top of an imposing six story warehouse and compels attention. This name is one to conjure with in the Western Canadian implement trade for though in a new position on a new repository, it represents some of the best manufacturing history of the United States and some of the fairest, squarest farm machinery wholesaling known to the agriculturists between the Great Lakes and the Coast. In a word, the John Deere Plow Co. Ltd. has succeeded the Fairchild Company Ltd. of Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary.

The new firm continues to carry the lines of the Fairchild Co., consisting of goods manufactured by Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.; Deere & Mansur Co., Moline, Ill.; Moline Wagon Co., Moline, Ill.; Monitor Drill Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Dain Mfg. Co., of Ottumwa, Ia.; Kilbourne & Jacobs Mfg. Co., of Columbus, O.; Western Wheel Scraper Co., Aurora, Ill.; Havana Metal Wheel Co., Havana, Ill.; Omega Separator Co., Lansing, Mich.; J. L. Owens Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Canada Carriage Co., Brockville, Ont.; Speight Wagon Co., Markham, Ont.; J. Fleury's Sons, Aurora, Ont.

The personnel of the new organization includes Mr. H. W. Hutchinson, formerly president and general manager of the Fairchild Co. Ltd., who will be secretary-treasurer and general manager of the John Deere Plow Co. He is a prominent figure in the implement trade of the Dominion and brings to bear on his new duties an invaluable prestige and experience. Mr. Hutchinson will have as assistant manager. Mr. D. Drehmer, who possesses an intimate knowledge of Deere & Co's. business. The regular staff of travellers will be retained, and the broad policy and principles of the business carried out as heretofore.

The new repository has a frontage of 132 feet on Princess Street, and a depth of ninety feet to a track in the rear. The building is six stories and basement and is constructed on the most approved type of slow burning construction. The columns throughout are of cast iron and the girders of steel which carry heavy wooden joists placed four feet on centers. The floors are five inches thick, of solid wood, and are calculated throughout to carry a load of 200 pounds per square foot. The building contains a freight and passenger elevator, the passenger elevator and stair being enclosed in a fireproof shaft, and the freight elevator shaft is built of brick in connection with the vaults, and is designed to carry a tank which will be installed later in connection with the sprinkler system. The doors from each floor to the elevator shaft are automatic fire doors, so that in case of fire any one floor is absolutely cut off from the rest of the building. All windows on the rear elevation are of the most approved type of fireproof windows, glazed with wire glass. The front of the building is faced with pressed brick in a soft shade of buff, and is trimmed with Tyndall stone.

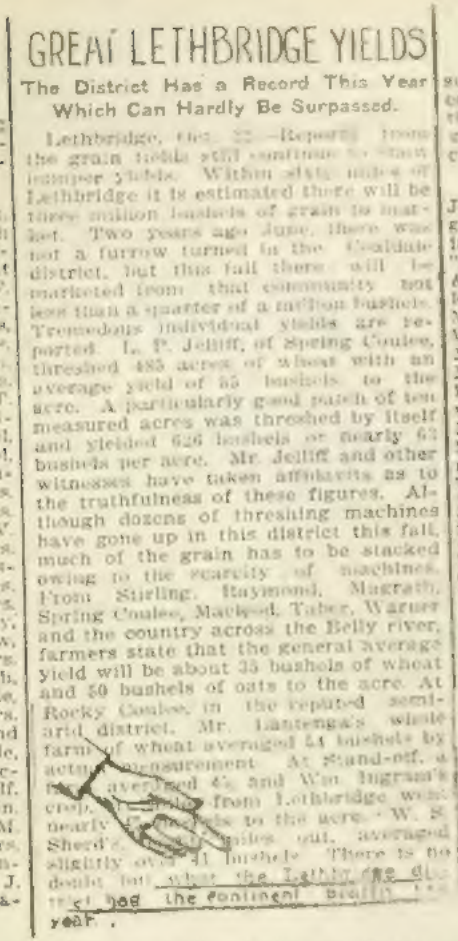
The ground floor is built three feet above the sidewalk thus allowing good light for the basement. Both front and rear and the show windows on the ground floor extend clear to the floor, which gives a fine view of the magnificent showroom, which occupies the entire ground floor.

The basement extends under the sidewalk on Princess Street. The sidewalk is constructed with prismatic glass set in concrete giving a well lighted basement, which is occupied by the repair and fitting departments.

The front portion of the first floor is occupied by the offices of the Company which are fitted up in a luxurious manner, all the woodwork being quarter cut oak, and the walls and ceiling decorated in harmonious colors.

The building is heated by low pressure steam, and the elevators are both of electric high speed construction.

In connection with the new repository on Princess Street, Winnipeg, the John Deere Plow Co. Ltd. have a track warehouse with a total storage capacity of 250 cars, a fine four-story warehouse and office at Regina, and a two story repository in Calgary.



GREAT LETHBRIDGE YIELDS

The District Has a Record This Year Which Can Hardly Be Surpassed.

Lethbridge, Oct. 22.—Reports from the grain fields still continue to flow in of bumper yields. Within sixty miles of Lethbridge it is estimated there will be three million bushels of grain to market. Two years ago June, there was not a furrow turned in the Coaldale district, but this fall there will be marketed from that community not less than a quarter of a million bushels. Tremendous individual yields are reported. L. P. Jelliff, of Spring Coulee, threshed 485 acres of wheat with an average yield of 35 bushels to the acre. A particularly good patch of ten measured acres was threshed by itself and yielded 626 bushels or nearly 63 bushels per acre. Mr. Jelliff and other witnesses have taken affidavits as to the truthfulness of these figures. Although dozens of threshing machines have gone up in this district this fall, much of the grain has to be stacked owing to the scarcity of machines. From Stirling, Raymond, Magrath, Spring Coulee, Macleod, Taber, Warner and the country across the Belly river, farmers state that the general average yield will be about 35 bushels of wheat and 50 bushels of oats to the acre. At Rocky Coulee, in the reputed semi-arid district, Mr. Lantenga's whole farm of wheat averaged 54 bushels by actual measurement. At Stand-off, a [illegible] averaged 45 and Wm. Ingram's [illegible] from Lethbridge was [illegible] nearly [illegible] bushels to the acre. W. S. Sherd[illegible] miles out, averaged slightly over 41 bushels. There is no doubt but what the Lethbridge district has the continent beaten this year.

The above is photographed from the "Free Press" of Oct. 24, 1907

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Canada-West for March

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.
Librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa, writes on
"Western Canada's First Farmer

A Cover Design by Harrison Fisher

Agnes Deans Cameron tells "Where Grow Milady's Furs"; there will be other general articles by other well-known writers: "In the Ruins" is a romance of unusual and compelling interest by Cy Warman -it is this story that Harrison Fisher illustrates — and the other fiction is of the high standard that the Canada-West Magazine maintains

Buy the March Canada-West

The Walter E. Gunn Company, Walker Theatre Building, Winnipeg

CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY
1908

VOL III
No 4

The Homesteaders

A Novel

By Jessie Beckton

CHAPTER I.

Gr[illegible]
Far sunder[illegible]he waters though we be,
H[illegible] [illegible]n their folly rave,
[illegible]

"I [illegible] I should emigrate."

We sat in solemn conclave, my two brothers and I. That [illegible] had [illegible] appointment [illegible] mother, we were penniless. The [illegible] mother, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

West,' as the song says, and make our fortune."

Visions of a united home life rose rosily before us. Those of office drudgery a struggling against genteel poverty, were mentally, swept away, with youthful bounds of enthusiasm we plunged into a new future. We determined to emigrate. The great prairies of Western Canada, as forming part of the nearest and most promising of our Colonies, should be our destination. Immersed in pamphlets and guides we eagerly studied ways and means Apparently little or no capital was required, once on that golden land of promise we had only to plough, to sow, and to reap a plentiful wealth-bringing harvest. All we should require was a team of oxen or horses, a plough, a wagon and a few provisions to last out the interval between our start and the harvest, and a house built of logs or lumber Of course there would be plenty of hard work, but that we were prepared for, there would be a severance of all old ties, but sick at heart as we had been at the cold shoulders turned towards us in our altered circumstances, that troubled us but little.

Anxious as they were to be rid of us, our good uncle and aunt cast deprecatory hands on high on hearing of our decision. It might be a good opening perhaps for Dick and Peter, but for Joan! What was a girl of twenty brought up as she had been to do in a farm life, it was quite absurd, altogether preposterous She might remain for a time with them, until her brothers had made something of a home; she could be useful to her aunt in many ways, etc., etc.

"Poor Joan," decided sympathetic Dick, "she shall come and be useful to us; we will all start together."

Our tickets we found from the helpful pamphlets, could be booked from Liverpool to Winnipeg, 2nd class for the comparatively small sum of £10 each. But here happily for us some twinge of conscience prompted our relative to insist on our travelling at his expense in what he considered to be a more suitable manner. If we would "emigrate" it was [illegible] fitting or necessary that we should sail as "emigrants." Led by the same spirit maybe, he presented both Dick and Peter with two good guns, whilst my aunt took me to her dressmakers and ordered some plain useful coats and skirts, print frocks, and blouses to be made for me, as being, she said, more suitable for the life I was to lead than my present wardrobe, which I had decided to take with me in its entirety. I am bound to confess to her wisdom, although I found myself very glad in after time, that I had carried my prettier garments as well. She also gave me from her plentifully supplied storeroom many articles of linen, lace curtains, and other things that I found invaluable in beautifying our prairie home. These things we regarded as flotsom and jetsam, salvage saved from the wreck.

Everyone nowadays knows too well the ocean track from the old World to the New, to need a description of it here. It was a lovely May morning that we said our adieux to our relieved relatives and the dear overcrowded old country, and set sail for the 'Golden West.' After an uneventful passage we sighted Newfoundland on the seventh day; on the eighth entered the broad mouth of the beautiful St. Lawrence River, sped quickly down between its gradually narrowing shores, and on the 9th dropped anchor in the harbour of Montreal. Here as we left the ship and stood a little forlornly amidst our piled up baggage awaiting the onslaught of the customs official, we began to realize that we had indeed "burnt our boats behind us" and were fairly launched on a new life.

"Anything to declare?"

"No, certainly not, we were emigrants, settlers, going to take up free grants of land in the North West. Our trunks, contained nothing but personal clothing, etc. The guns, also personal necessities, were, we had been told, not dutiable." The man smiled, opened one or two boxes, passed a hand mechanically down the sides, and returned the keys.

"I hope you'll hit it all right," he

volunteered in an off hand way as though impelled to give a little gratuitous advice, "but I should advise the young lady to stop down East, till her home is ready."

But we were not requiring any advice however kindly meant, and went instead to the depot of the Canadian Pacific Railway and booked seats to Winnipeg, the gateway to the great prairies of the West. Here, too, we deposited our luggage, receiving in its place small brass cheques which were to be our only care for it, until we gave them again in exchange at our journey's end.

It would take too much space to enlarge on the details of the way, on the great travelling hotel with its saloon, dining, drawing, and smoke-rooms, and the deft manner in which the negro porter converted our day seats into quite comfortable, if cramped sleeping quarters. The first part of the journey lay through scenery of no great interest, but on the second day its character changed as we ran along the shores of Lake Superior. On one side of us, almost touching, rose great rugged rocks, their bare grey shoulders partly veiled in yellow lichens and small ferns; on the other, its tiny foam flecked waves lapping with gentle murmuring the shore we skirted, lay the vast body of blue water, glistening and shimmering in the intensely bright sunshine, whilst the pine and the tamarack threw long dreamy shadows out into the blue and towards the little groups of grey rock islets that dotted its surface.

"It is very lovely, is it not?" said a voice behind me, as I sat revelling in the beauty of it all. A dark, dank divine whom Peter earlier in the day, to rid himself of the burden of his self-imposed society, had meanly foisted on my acquaintance, slid into the seat opposite to me.

"It is indeed," I said, withdrawing my enraptured gaze from the smiling beauty outside, and by way of enlarging on the conversation he was evidently desirous of opening; "I am afraid we shall not see anything so exquisite on the prairie."

"On the prairie" he cooed dully, "are you thinking of visiting those great barren tracts? Ah! No! you will find no beauty there; nothing worthy of a delay in your journey to the grand scenery of the Rockies British Columbia and Vancouver."

"But we are not going so far," I said smiling a little, "we are emigrating going out to take up land and farm

Never shall I forget the look of black dismay that broke on the poor man's face. Had I announced our intention of returning to England in a fishing boat or of jumping en masse from the highest point of the Rockies, it would have been no greater

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed after a moment's delay, in recovering his breath, "do you really mean that you and your brothers are going to take up the life of settlers? Have you any idea of what it means; of the toil, the discomfort, the heart breaking weariness, often the despair that such a life entails? Have you the least notion of a farm life on the great desolate prairie, the lack of all luxury, the difficulty, and the danger?"

"Indeed," I made answer, secretly taken aback by the tide of this discouraging eloquence, "we have thoroughly gone into the matter, we are not expecting too much, are prepared to work, to endure hardships if necessary, and we are told in the pamphlets" —"The pamphlets" burst in the good man, throwing out his long lean hands in contemptuous repudiation, "what do they tell you of the hardness of the life, the incessant toil. No one can deny that from them you may obtain valuable and as far as it goes correct information, but it is one side only of the picture. Then again what do three young people, evidently rea in a home of comfort and luxury, know of work and "roughing it?" Better turn back ere it is too late, before launching yourselves on, what must inevitably prove to you to be, a struggle with misery and failure. I must talk to your brothers at once and point out to them the absurdity, the even cruelty of the thing." And he depart-

ed in gloomy haste in the direction of the smoking car

For the first time my courage wavered What if he were right! Were the difficulties so much greater than we had imagined? Were we so unsuited to the work and to endurance? Should we in the end succumb to failure and despair? My throat tightened as I pictured my two big good looking brothers, of whom I had always been so proud, wasting their young lives in a mere struggle against difficulties and dangers. In the opposite section a bright cheery little woman was boiling a kettle over a spirit lamp and setting out the contents of a tea basket The pleasant tinkle of the china, brought a feeling of homesickness and loneliness The kettle boiled, and its contents poured on the fragrant tea, the cheerful little woman looked up brightly

"Won't you come across and have a cup with me?" she asked pleasantly, "I am quite alone, it would be so nice to share my tea with someone."

"Going West, aren't you?" she queried presently, as we sat hobnobbing over the friendly tea cups

"Yes" I said conscious of the new loss of enthusiasm in my voice

For a moment her bright eyes rested on mine, a quick note of enquiry in them

"Have you ever noticed," she said after a little pause, "that there are some people who go through life like a ray of sunshine and others like a dull Scotch mist? I think that dreary old gentleman who was talking to you just now has damped all your ardour, your voice had such a bright hopeful ring in it as you were speaking to him, and now it has all gone I could not help hearing what you were saying, he seemed very scornful of the one-sided view taken by the pamphlets I wonder it did not strike him that his own was just as one sided. You must not be too much influenced by him I have seen a good deal of the life on a prairie farm, and although I agree with him in warning you that there are a great many drawbacks and much to go through, I can assure you there is a pleasanter side to the picture. I do not say there is a fortune to be made out of it but there is the makings of a home and a competency, perhaps more. Everything depends on the people who attempt it."

Cheered by the tea and still more by the kindly interest I waxed confidential and poured out my little story of how and why we had determined to go 'West'. When I had finished there was a suspicion of moisture in her bright eyes as she laid a firm capable looking hand for a minute on mine

"I quite agree with you," she said "to keep together is worth a great deal of risk"

For a long time we sat talking She gave me some of her own experiences of prairie life, gained in the pioneer days when everything was so new and untried that no one knew quite what to expect or what was before them

"But now" she said, "it is all comparatively smooth and easy, that is, if you keep to the settlements There you will find you can buy all necessaries at the store without having to carry it as we had to do in bullock wagons perhaps one hundred miles, across the unbroken plain. You will generally meet with friends who for the most part are only too willing to hold out a helping hand to new comers Usually there is a church with a resident clergyman, a doctor, a public school with a free good educational system There are plenty of social pleasures. Of course, there is work, plenty of it from morning until night, and especially true is the old adage 'Man's work is from sun to sun but a woman's work is never done.

"There are many privations, sometimes hardships, and worst of all the homesickness that often saddens and so many. On the other hand, life is healthy, full of interest ries are beautiful in their purity and virgin strength. advice is, go and try it, the New and wants such as you with your youth, energy and culture and if you make no great fortune, I predict you will at any rate create a happy prosperous home. Would you go as much

with a like material in the old established country?"

I could see when presently Dick and Peter came back to me that the old gentleman had been as good as his word and had been doing his best to put everything before them in as depressing a light as possible, but under the more cheery influence of my new friend they recovered a more sanguine tone and soon we were once more looking forward hopefully to the future.

Leaving the shores of Lake Superior we plunged into the pine forests and again emerging from them, on the morning of the third day, came once more upon signs of civilization, and found that Winnipeg was close at hand. Mrs. Redwood insisted on carrying us off to her own home instead of our going, as we intended, to one of the hotels of the town.

"You have no idea" she said, laughing, "of the dangers a 'tenderfoot' runs; he is considered fair game for anyone who has anything to dispose of and often gets terribly taken in, so you must come home with me, and my old man shall help you to see about taking up land and where it is best for you to go."

And we, only too grateful for such kindness and warm hospitality offered so freely and naturally agreed joyfully.

We were prepared to find Winnipeg a large city but were a little surprised at its size, its broad streets, handsome buildings, and extensive shops.

We might have spent weeks there with our new friends, their natural kindness, united to the law of Western hospitality, urging us to remain for as long as we could or would. But we were anxious to push on and remained only long enough to secure our free grants of land and draw up some plan of our final settlement.

The immigration agent gave all the assistance in his power and advised our going to a settlement about thirty miles from the main line, where a long belt of timber offered an advantage over the entirely flat prairie, inasmuch as it secured a certain amount of shelter and firewood to the settlers. The boys were able to secure two quarter sections adjoining each other about seven or eight miles from the small town of the settlement, on the edge of the timber line, and left the office the proud possessors of 160 acres apiece of virgin soil. Here at last was a foothold and a beginning, and bidding our friends good-bye with many expressions of gratitude for their kindness we resumed our journey still further West.

Leaving Winnipeg we found ourselves at last on the actual prairies, no longer to be called the 'great lone land' known only to fur traders the Indians, and the vast herds of buffalo now as a wild race, extinct, but a country prosperously settled up, where hundreds and hundreds of acres of magnificent wheat land lay under careful cultivation, and the homesteads of the farmers gave a homelike comfortable aspect to the vast plain. Everywhere the prairie, where uncultivated, rolled in long lines of yellowy green grass, to the far horizon of blue sky, broken only by groups of small bluffs, or a reed bordered pond or slough that reflected the blue of the sky above, and sparkled in the fresh sunshine. Mile after mile, hour after hour, we sped through the same scenery stopping now and again at the small stations to embark or disembark a passenger, then on again into seemingly endless space. Night closing in at last blotted it all out.

In that faint darkness of an early summer night we reached our destination and found ourselves surrounded by our piled up luggage, a little helplessly watching the receding monster which had brought us so far, as it fled shrieking into the gloom, and wondering what our next steps were to be. No porter came to our rescue, the few people who had assembled to welcome the incoming of the train from the East, had vanished. One man only remained to put out the lights and lock the doors of the wooden building. Him we accosted.

"What are you going to do with all that luggage Boss?" he interrogated as he leisurely surveyed it and us. "Better put it in the shed till morning. I'll give you a hand; the boys seem to

have cleared off pretty quick to-night."

The luggage having been disposed of, our new ally conducted us to one of the hotels of the town, and we followed him blindly, our footsteps echoing dully on the narrow wooden pavement.

Being close on midnight the little Western world lay apparently asleep and we too were very glad to follow its example, close our eyes and blot out in restful slumber our travelling experiences, the responsibilities of our new life, and a tiny leaven of homesickness.

But with the morning sunshine, and such sunshine as flooded the prairie, hope and happiness came back, and springing from my fresh, little white bed, I made haste to pull up my blind and gaze down into the new world to which I had come.

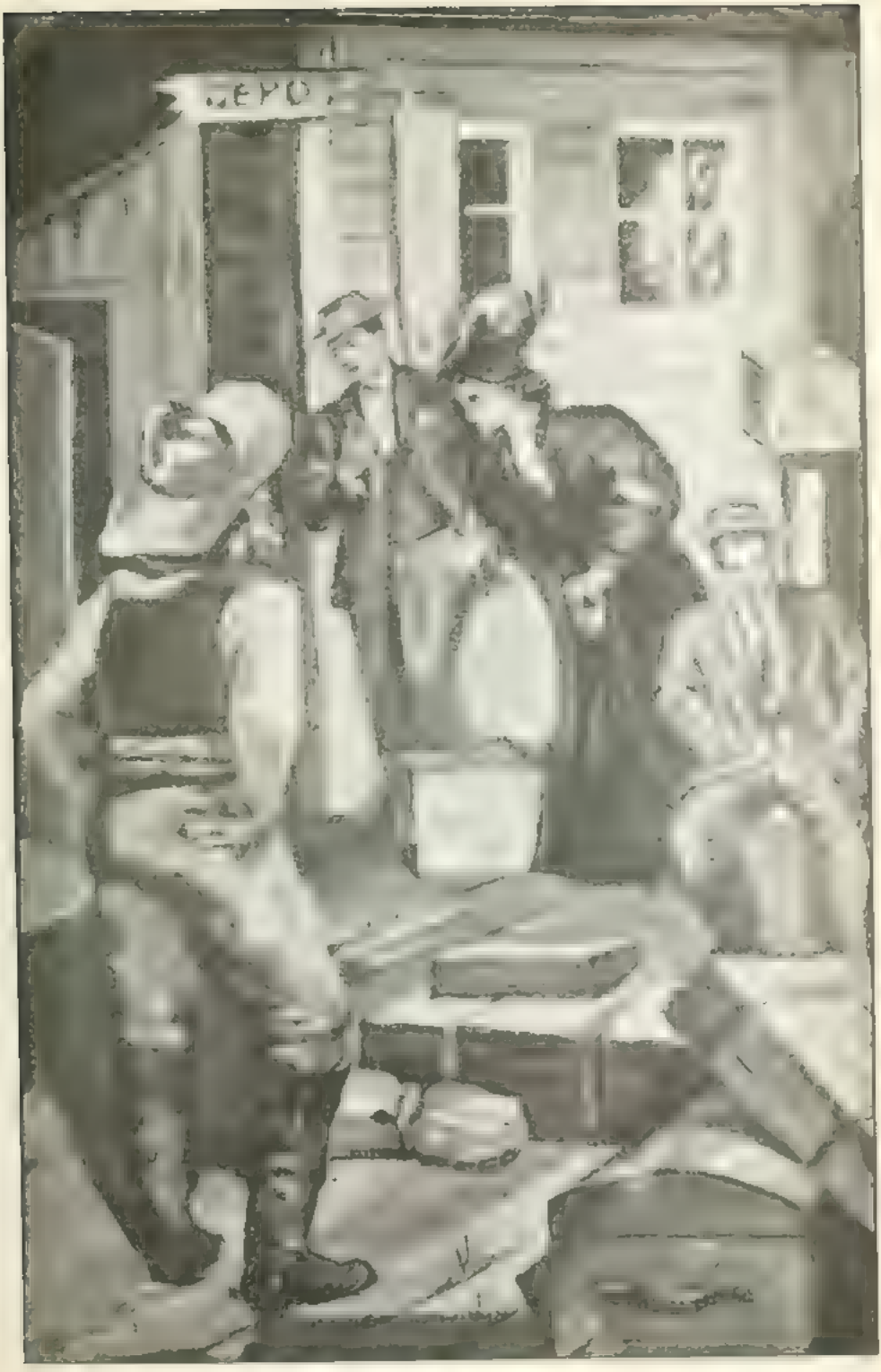
What a medley of civilization and early settlement! The hotel lay at the end of the long centre or Main Street and here the buildings, principally stores and offices, ranged on either side with conscious pride and dignity. As though in emulation other streets appeared at different angles and then, revelling in the space and freedom, the rest of the houses broke bounds, and scattering, rioted away on to the great green prairie beyond. Side by side with good solid buildings of stone and plaster, little wooden shanties squatted contentedly, blinking their small yellow, pink and green eyes as happily in the intense sunshine as their smarter neighbors. When, having breakfasted, we sauntered out into the wooden streeted town we found our shopping labors simplified and greatly helped by discovering that all the principal stores lay side by side in the one long street, and we had only to walk from one to the other in search of the various household and farm requisites we had now carefully to acquire.

It was a most anxious and weighty business. First of all there was our capital to be considered. When that was gone there would be no more until we had worked for and earned a further supply. There was Mrs. Redwood's warning to the "gullable tenderfoot," the anxiety as to what to get and how to buy it; though we had drawn up a careful list at Winnipeg with the Redwoods' help and had been well primed on many subjects. The principal thing was a good team of oxen and on this we consulted the proprietor of the hotel who advised us to pay heed to the earnest asseverations of a gentleman in careless, not over clean attire, who assured us he had just the very thing we were in need of, a splendid yoke of strong, well trained, docile beasts. After much pretended wisdom and careful judging on the part of Dick and Peter who knew no more of the merits and requirements of oxen than of sailing the Channel Fleet, and a great deal of bartering and bargaining meant to impress the seller that they, the purchasers, had no intention of being taken in, the huge beasts passed into our possession, and I have no doubt proved to be as useful and as aggravating as others of their kind, no more and no less.

No need to go in search of our requirements; as flies round a honeypot, so gathered the implement, the machine agents, and others having articles for sale. A "tenderfoot" was in town getting his outfit. He was apparently an object of much solicitude and attention. With the bluff candor of the Westerner, combined with the crafty skill of the trader, they proffered goods and advice. But to most Dick presented a stolid front; he knew what he wanted and to a great extent what he was going to give for it. Gradually our worldly goods increased as our capital diminished. To the oxen were added, harness, a wagon, a plough, a set of harrows, several smaller necessaries such as axes, a spade, bucksaw, dipsaw, hammer, nails, rope, and buckets.

To the land agent in the town Dick applied for information as to how and where we should find our land, for truly to our inexperience, and in view of those countless acres, it seemed like looking for the traditional needle.

"You take the South Trail," the agent said in the manner of one who directs you to the first turning on the left, "you can't mistake it, as there is no other in that direction, follow


DEPOT

Straight on until you come to the settlement. I will give you a letter to Billy Fergusson and ask him to lend you a hand in finding your section posts Yet stay a moment, Mac Ireton is in town, and he, I believe, "getting up to examine a map of the Township that hung on the office wall, "is on the adjoining section to yours. Yes, I thought so, he's on 22, you're on 23 I'll look him up and send him round."

Following the general rule we had dined in the middle of the day. It was during the evening meal, a species of tea-supper that our prospective guide "came round." Sharpened by the pure bracing air of the prairie, our [illegible] had assumed alarming proportions, and it was not until the more substantial dishes had been followed by "pie" and "biscuit" in great variety that I began to turn my attention to the occupants of the other tables that stood in the room. They were mostly men and for the greater part garbed in the conventional 'boiled shirt" and tweeds of the town, but here and there in flannel and buckskin were those whose bronzed weather beaten faces proclaimed the sterner, sturdier life of the farmer of the plains. Presently the door again opened and yet another added himself to the little company He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with the look of quiet strength that comes to those who have worked and endured. In spite of his western dress flannel shirt, overalls of duck high boots to the knees and wide brimmed leather bound cowboy hat it was unmistakeably an English gentleman that after a curious glance over the room, came straight to the table at which we sat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, addressing Dick, in a clear, well-bred voice. "Are you Mr. Tremayne?" and as Dick bowed in assent "My name is Ireton. I believe we are to be neighbors. I called round to see if I could be of any assistance to you in getting out to the Settlement. I came in with a load and am going back with an empty wagon. I shall be very pleased to help you in freighting out your things I could also show you the way, and I have promised Bent to help you find your section posts, that is of course if you will accept my services."

"It is really awfully good of you," said Dick, "I hardly like to take advantage of your offer, but to tell you the truth we are beginning to feel just a little bit stranded in spite of the kindness everyone has already shewn us and it is a great temptation."

"You need not thank me or consider yourself under any obligation," said Mr Ireton. "It is quite the other way as you will understand when you have been 'out' a little while. A neighbor especially if he is a fellow countryman, is a great boon. Anything I can do for you will be quite as much for myself as for you." I thought he looked at me a little curiously as Dick introduced his sister and it was with the least suspicion of a shade that he asked me if I thought I should like the life and was prepared for all the ups and downs of it, laughing outright when I said, "Yes, I was prepared for anything."

"What are you going to do when you reach the Settlement?" Mr Ireton asked presently "Will you put up at the hotel until you can look around, or perhaps you have friends there who will take you in"

we said with rather doubtful es "we have no friends, and we did not think of the hotel, we thought of buying tents and camping out."

He smiled too but his eyes had a gleam of amusement in them that ours lacked.

"I think," he said 'you would be wiser to put up a lumber shanty; you could do it for about $35 a tent would cost you nearly as much and be of no use afterwards. But if you will make use of my house for the present you are more than welcome There is an upstairs room, a mere attic it is true, that Miss Tremayne could use and we men could roll down on blankets downstairs for a night or two until the shanty is ready. It would not take longer to put up and you will want something with a roof over it to store your things in for the summer. I think your sister would find a tent

very uncomfortable for even a short time," he went on, when Dick had thanked him very much for his generous offer, but said that he did not think we had any right to take advantage of it. "And I assure you the gain would be quite as much on my side as on yours. Then, too, our sections adjoining I could help you a good bit and," as though looking round for another argument, "we could be of great use to each other; it is lonely work farming, by one's self; your coming would be a great and real boon to me."

So at last it was settled, and when, promising to come round again in the morning, he bade us "good-night" and went away, something of the friendlessness of our position seemed to go with him, and a tower of strength and security to have arisen for us poor waifs and strays. The mere fact of a settled inhabitant of this great wide land, in which as yet we had no home having as it were taken us by the hand and bidden us welcome, had taken away something of that desolate feeling experienced by the homeless and friendless

(To be Continued)

Mineral Development in the Kootenays

By N. A. Bowers

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

OUT in the Canadian West there is a mining center that has seen the success of every type of enterprise from a prospector's hand "rocker," to a fifteen million dollar copper company. It is a comparatively small region; with the exception of its western corner it lies in the counties of East and West Kootenay, British Columbia, but while its area is only one twelfth that of the Province, it produces over seventy-five per cent. of the total mineral values and represents one third the mineral output of Canada.

Although the Kootenay mines now enjoy a well established prosperity that affords regular dividends, yet their present rank was not gained without a long and bitter struggle, and in the two score years since mining began, the frontiersmen have time and again faced and fought defeat with the true western spirit. These men displaying a manhood broader than the ordinary type, were truly the last pioneers for where is there another West like Canada's and their varying fortunes preparing the way for great industr in a rugged wildness deserve record in the history of the West.

As early as 1840 the Hudson's Bay Company blazed a trail from Fort Steele westward to Arrow Lake and then for nearly a quarter of a century parties passed regularly within easy reach of mineral deposits ready to yield untold wealth to the discoverer But these men came for furs—their dreams of riches could only take the shape of bundles of warm pelts—so in the long years of their trading, the earth was untouched.

It remained for the hardy prospectors, working up the Columbia in the early sixties, to bring out the first reports of gold in the Canadian basin of that great river. The electrical effect that such reports always produce in a mining region was quite evident in those times at Spokane and Bonner's Ferry, the chief frontier towns of the

RECORD MINING CLAIMS

American North west and parties were at once made up for a more careful examination of the south-east corner of British Columbia. This marked the beginning of a period of mineral development that has seen such success, and diversity of products and, withal, so much of the unexpected that it stands alone in the History of Mining.

The early exploration parties, choosing various routes and methods of travel, had one common aim—gold, and so strong was the lure of the golden magnet that men sometimes pushed on in the face of dangers sufficient to daunt the hardiest. Not a few parties were stranded, their members struggling back a few at a time, other parties never returned, but still others sent out messengers, bearing in buck-skin folds the glittering evidence of success and demanding supplies for the camp. News of such as the latter spread like wild-fire and for a decade or more the frontier was often in a furor, the extent of which varied directly with the value of the strike.

Typical of these early excitements was the rush to the Big Bend country in 1865-6. The Big Bend is the gigantic letter "U" traced by the Columbia as it doubles back on its course some 200 miles north of the international line. It was far up toward the vortex of this bend on a tributary now known as McCullock Creek, that a crew of fourteen men washed out 450 ounces of gold in a single day: that is to say, something upwards of five hundred dollars per man. News of this was spread by one of the fourteen who was sent out for supplies, and before he was ready to start on the return journey, there were a dozen men on the trail ahead of him. Nor was the excitement confined to a small trading post—men left other mining camps and hurried northwards in twos and threes, over uncertain trails, or banded together in scores to charter a steamer for the trip up the river.

Within a few months several thousand men, representing almost every class, had arrived at the center of interest; a settlement sprang up in what proved to be the heart of a rich placer region, and for a time it flourished in a glow of prosperity. In French Creek a $375 nugget was found, and altogether an aggregate of three million dollars in free gold was taken from Smith, French and McCullock Creeks before the more easily accessible deposits were exhausted. Then, some eighteen months after the first discovery, returns from the workings fell very low and there came the unwelcome news of the loss of the little steamer "Forty-niner," upon which the men had depended for supplies. At once the nomadic tribe of the prospectors were as anxious to get away as they had been to come, and in an incredibly short time they had entirely deserted the place, leaving whatever they could not readily transport over the trails, and abandoning everything bulky and cumbersome.

But the universal history of mining

has been that when the stampede is over, perhaps long after the unduly expectant throng has left in disappointment, the calmer, more deliberate class of men come in and begin in a systematic manner to develop the possibilities of the district. In this latter period comes the development that is of a permanent benefit to the country, it is the time for investment, as distinct from speculation. For this reason skilled technical men and the capital which follows them are seldom swayed by the clamors of a new El Dorado. They merely keep a careful watch of progress until such time as there is reasonable assurance of returns.

proved that comparatively large areas are masses of rubble, ground up by glacial action, containing free gold in paying quantities. Three companies are now employing large hydraulic plants to wash the gravel of these glacial deposits in the midst of the basin long ago declared "worked out." And this, in spite of the fact that the railroad is some eighty miles distant. Undoubtedly the construction of the proposed spur through this district will be the signal for development on a far larger scale.

Most of the western mining regions were first opened on the discovery of placer gold. So readily can gold-

A CORNER OF THE GIANT COPPER ORE BODY AT PHOENIX

The course of events in the Big Bend was no exception to this rule and just recently, after the district had lain for thirty years under the ban of condemnation, scientific men have set to work to search out the probable origin of those rich deposits exhausted in the early sixties.

In leveling a cabin not long since, a party of surveyors unearthed a billiard table and a pair of English hand-cuffs; relics that speak eloquently of those days of old that were "days of gold."

By careful reasoning that could not have been applied in the superficial work of the early days, it has been

bearing gravel be worked by crude methods, without outlay of capital or long anxious waits for returns, that it offers special inducements to the imaginative type of men upon whom we have always depended for advancement of the Western frontier. Then by the time the placers begin to fail, the trails have become worn and there are sure to be present men competent and ready to develop the other mineral resources.

Owing to difficulties of transportation in British Columbia, there was considerable lapse of time between the early placer workings and the commencement of lode mining. The first mine to be developed to any extent

was the Silver King, opened in 1890, this ore was shipped 190 miles by pack and barge to the Northern Pacific railroad, and then by rail clear to Denver, Col., for treatment. The very difficulties of such shipments as these were an advertisement; the returns proved the worth of the ore, and companies were at once formed to build reduction works near the mines. The era of lode mining had begun.

There are two distinct types of lode mines in the Kootenays that must be kept in mind separately. First, the high-grade silver-lead ores, occurring usually in small deposits and of sufficient value to allow of long distance shipment for reduction; second, the vast deposits of low grade copper ore whose profits depend wholly upon the handling of a maximum tonnage at the minimum expense per ton. Now Denver on Slocan Lake is the center for mining of the first type, and the second is known in that region lying west of the Columbia and just north of the international line. Part of the latter, lying outside of the Kootenays, is known as the Boundary, but its story is linked with theirs, and the achievements of one are common to both.

Mining men everywhere have heard of the "Slocan." In 1892 its port of entry, New Denver, was the most talked of town in the Northwest simply because two trappers chanced to recognize a rich silver deposit in the hills the preceding fall. Assays of ore they brought out in September '91 were so promising that in the ensuing excitement, men hurried into the mountains in the face of the coming winter and by January 1st had recorded 140 claims on the slopes of the Slocan. Of course these men all brought out rich samples of the ore and had them assayed, but when E. E. Coy took ten tons of ore to Tacoma and came back with $5000 in gold coin, the real value of the discoveries were appreciated. The largest deposits were silver-lead, but promising mineral indications were found all through the mountains and rich bodies of zinc and other minerals were discovered and staked. From time to time there seemed to be even extra encouragement for the miners, as when the 100 ton boulder of galena, carrying forty per cent. lead, was discovered. Indeed, for five years the mines paid well, and steadily increased in value and output. A constant stream of mining supplies flowed into the heart of these two hundred square miles of barely known wilderness, and in 1895 the railroad came. Heretofore even "traveling light" into the Slocan had meant a long, rough journey by water and rail but with the advent of the railroad the last drawback disappeared, and when the first car of ore was loaded, there blossomed a prosperity that seemed too bright to last.

In 1897, ore to the value of three million dollars was shipped from the Slocan, but in the general feverish advancement mines began to crowd the output, they shipped ore when they should have been timbering tunnels and doing general development work. Striking statistics, showing almost fabulous tonnage and returns, furnished golden opportunities for wild-cat schemes, and for a time popular estimation rated the mines far above their actual value. This period of inflation could not last long, and the crisis came as the Slocan slump when on top of other troubles the American mills, to which the ore was sent, refused to receive any more foreign shipments. Visions of fortunes were quickly dispelled, there was a sudden drop in the stock values and the mines shut down.

Than this, nothing could have been a more serious blow to the Kootenays and for a time popular interest even fought shy of mines. To be sure, mining went on in a small way, but it was half-hearted work and no improvements or larger plans were made. This was the period of lowest depression, for at length men grasped the rational view of mining as an industry of commercial importance, not a get rich quick scheme, and a very little money crept into the Slocan as a sign of returning confidence. Many mines that were closed down during the

general depression were well able to afford reasonable returns under careful management, and these are now opening with a fair outlook. Now that Canadian smelters are comparatively close to the most isolated mines, there is in place of the speculation of earlier times, a limited but well directed investment for practical development of the properties, and wild-cat companies must seek other fields. The recovery will be gradual, capital is slow and cautious in such cases, but mining properties are not now held high, and a region of such rich and extensive mineral resources as the Slocan cannot long remain in neglect.

In 1895 he brought the Center Star mine at Rossland, erected a smelter at Trail on the Columbia and connected these by a narrow gauge railroad. For three years he kept things in general activity, put money into mining properties, and added to the smelter from time to time, in order that it might handle the ores from newly opened camps that could live only because the Trail smelter. And then the Canadian Pacific realized that low grade copper ore had been demonstrated a success. They bought the Heinze interests entire, made the Trail Rossland line a broad gauge road, connected it with the main line and planned spurs

PHOENIX, B.C. AT LEAST 13 MILLION TONS OF ORE UNDERLIE THIS TOWN

There could be no stronger contrast to the Slocan the one-time crack mining region of the Province, than is presented by that section just north of the international line, where vast copper deposits among the largest known are mined by great corporations. When the ore in the Boundary was first discovered it was passed by in contempt what was the use in staking claims on copper ore running only five dollars to the ton? And true it was that handled in the ordinary manner, there could be no profit in these ores, but in the course of time there came men who did not do things in the ordinary way. F. A. Heinze was the first to see possibilities here to all good mines that would ship ore to the company's smelter.

King Copper had arrived. No sooner had the C. P. R. thus proclaimed the success of the industry than representatives of other companies were sent to reconnoiter. In the hills to the west of the railroad terminus they found copper deposits of unheard of extent. Of course these deposits were staked; they had been taken up immediately upon the success of the first low grade mine but they were of lower grade than anything treated heretofore—hardly more than one and one half per cent.—and in that isolated region the claims were not held high.

Never did ore carrying one and a

half per cent. of copper cause the excitement known in such camps as those of the Slocan, but while it could not as it were, call from the hill tops and draw a multitude, it did something even more potent,—it whispered in the ears of certain men who sat in well appointed offices down in the States. These men conferred and, later there came others to consult with them. A map was spread out and a finger indicated a spot separated from the railroad terminus at Trail by 125 miles of rugged wilderness. The owner of the finger said, "put the railroad through there;" and the men on the other side of the table acquiesced. That was ten years ago. To-day what was then an undisturbed wilderness is an industrial center of international importance. During the past year it produced the inconceivable amount of one million five hundred thousand tons of copper. And the scale of operations, that makes these figures possible, is in itself even more astonishing the results.

In the mine at Phoenix, where the ore body is so great that it seems as if the whole mountain were composed of it, the glory system of mining is used; that is, great chambers of seventy-five feet wide by as many high are blasted from the solid ore, the loosened material rolling of itself into bunkers previously built beneath the proposed room. A tunnel runs below these bunkers and as fast as the ore is broken up, it is passed on into ten ton cars and taken by electric motors to the crushers. The crushers, huge massive jaws of wonderful strength, receive chunks of ore as high as thirty inches square and rapidly crunch them down to pass through an eight inch opening. In these mines one company employs an army of several hundred men, who do nothing but prepare and place blasts, and see that the ore is broken up small enough for the bunkers. Every month two freight cars of dynamite are needed to supply these workers. Last year an uncommonly successful set of blasts brought down an estimated amount of fifty thousand tons of ore, and the crew in that division were kept busy for three weeks in "bull dozing"—breaking up the larger pieces with small charges of powder—and passing it through the bunkers. From Phoenix camp alone a total of one million tons of ore has already been taken, and Granby Consolidated has, by diamond drilling, proved some thirteen million tons of ore to be still in place.

But not in the mines alone is the basis of operations out of the ordinary, the smelters are planned on the same scale and present many unique features in the reduction of ore.

The processes of smelting and converting, while not complicated, have offered rich rewards for improvement. It must be remembered that the margin for profit on each ton is very low, the keynote of success being quantity. Therefore, any device or feature of a system that can add its might to the daily output, increases profits enormously. In the few years of their operation, the several big companies have, from time to time, introduced original devices in systems, until now the smelters are models of economy, handling the ore by aid of gravity and using compressed air and electric power throughout.

For the laymen there is a fascination in these modern plants, the scene of twenty-four-hour-a-day activity in the heart of the wilderness. There is something that astonishes him in the automatic opening of great furnace doors, lifted silently by compressed air. There is a human-like deftness about the forty ton traveling crane gracefully moving the gigantic pots in the converter room; and at night when the glare of the molten rock throws shadows over the black iron shapes, it seems as if demon giants were at their fiery play.

These two mining centers—the silver-lead and the copper—have been aptly compared to the hare and the tortoise that Aesop made famous. At the outset of the race the hare (the Slocan) bounded away with such pace that no one gave heed to the sluggish tortoise. But now, while the hare is napping by the roadside, the achieve-

ments of the tortoise have astonished the world. Or, in other words, the Boundary's biggest company, the Granby Consolidated, last year paid twelve and a half per cent. dividends on a capital of fifteen millions.

I have spoken of only the main centers and systems of mining in the Kootenays, depending upon the chief types and a few examples to give a general idea; but the whole region is known to be mineralized and important mines are met on every hand. Last year one hundred and twenty-one mines shipped ore to smelters, built especially to receive their products. The progress already made is astonishing when it is considered that twenty years ago, lode mining was unknown in the Province. But great as has been the development thus far, we have seen only the fore-runner of what is to come.

Whenever new lines of railroad are constructed, facilitating a more careful examination of the mineral indications, new mines are discovered and worked, and inasmuch as there are some twenty-five thousand square miles in the Kootenay and Boundary and yet only 667 miles of railroad, it is evident that the near future will see the thorough development of a mineral region of universal importance

The Confidence Woman

By Fred Nason

THE doctor, the judge, and the philosopher had foregathered in the latter's study according to their time honored custom. Their postprandial cigars were creating the inviting atmosphere that conduces to introspection and confidences, the fragrant black coffee steamed at their elbows, and their souls were bathed in the philanthropic calm that comes of good living and dismissal of cares. Their quiet was eloquent of homage to the Epicurean divinities, and the reflected glory of his cook animated the philosopher's benignant visage which beamed through the smoke of his Havana like the rising sun through the morning mists.

However eloquent silence may be it fails at times to compass the whole range of human emotions, and so, after due deliberation, the Philosopher laid aside his cigar, sipped his coffee, and prepared the way for speech by uttering a sonorous, "Hem!"

Hearken ye, for the oracle would speak," said the Doctor.

"Silence," growled the Judge with magisterial gruffness.

"My dear friends," began the Philosopher, "the admission which I am about to make to you grieves me deeply, but veracity and an inward something (nothing in your line, however, Doctor) bid me speak. The fact is that I am growing old, senility is overtaking me; in short, I am an old fool."

With the ineffable courtesy that marks close and long-standing friendships among us his companions granted him a silent assent.

"However," resumed the Philosopher, "I hope that you bear with me until the end of my tale for my experiences will undoubtedly prove of great value to yourselves in postponing the inevitable disintegration of your own mental faculties in the near future."

This remark met with only the cold, unappreciative silence that it merited but the philosopher repressed a grin as he observed the Doctor furtively attempting to smooth his rather sparse

hair over an incipient bald spot while the judge glanced at his corpulent expanse of shirt front with less than his usual complacence

"As I was saying," continued their host, "we, or rather I, have plainly reached the seventh stage of life, and here is the justification for my statement. Yesterday morning, Doctor, I undertook to comply with your orders I arose early, breakfasted lightly, and walked to the office. The weather was glorious Mary had surpassed all previous performances in the concoction of omelettes and rolls and I felt at peace with myself and with my fellowman. No doubt I allowed my benevolence of spirit to become obtrusive for certainly when I had reached my place of business I had become an obviously easy mark."

"Huh, been touched again, I suppose," said the Judge whose ruffled feelings were still slightly discomposed.

"Exactly, my dear friend. Legal acumen has brought you to the point with a mathematical nicety perfectly astounding to the lay mind. As you say, I was 'touched,' but with such an artistic and adept hand that, as you might phrase it in your vernacular, I was separated from the goods without getting wise for an instant."

"Who was it this time?" queried the Doctor. 'A ruined homesteader, with eight small children and eight large mortgages?"

'No, you are entirely wrong and sadly deficient in that perspicacity which distinguishes our friend of the gown and wig. He, I mean she, was a tall willowy brunette with—but let us skip the details for I paid very little attention to her personal appearance

"Oh" exclaimed both of his auditors with a marked correspondence of emotion

"To continue," said the Philosopher ignoring their sarcasm, "this young lady was ushered into my office by my imbecile office-boy who can never withstand the blandishments of a female agent, and taking advantage of my obvious good temper she opened fire upon me at once 'I have come to apply to you' she said, 'upon the recommendation of a personal friend of yours, a medical man. He has acquainted me with your benevolence and patriotism and I am about to appeal to both. I represent, as local secretary, the newly formed Western Woman's Aid Society. Our aim is, broadly speaking, to develop and improve the West and our immediate object is the betterment of the condition of thousands of my sex who are cramped in their present surroundings and denied the free and boundless opportunities which this great, golden land holds out to them'

'She followed this introduction (eloquent, was it not, Judge?) with a great deal more in the same strain and at last I was thoroughly convinced that I had before me a rare opportunity of attaining the heights of generosity, gallantry, patriotism, and immortality at one and the same time for the trifling consideration of one hundred dollars At her request I made my donations in cash and saw my name, despite my protests, emblazoned upon the scroll of immortals which, I may state incidentally, included several of my acquaintances

"But, my dear friends, this is not the end. Here is where the ruthless hand of advancing years made itself felt. Had I been a young man, immersed in the mad scramble of the market place, I would probably have dismissed the subject from my mind and my self-esteem would have remained at par. Unfortunately, such is not my condition. After I had attended to my morning mail I allowed my thoughts to revert to this new society. I swelled with pride as I thought of our glorious country welcoming and sheltering oppressed and downtrodden womanhood. After a short flight through these exalted realms of thought I returned to more practical considerations. I remembered that Mary, that paragon of cooks, had become rather insistent of late concerning the necessity of an assistant. Truly, this was not an unheard of thing; in fact, Mary has always indulged in periods of such insistence, but—disturbing thought—

what if, at last, by some mysterious, unconscious, mental influence Mary should succeed in convincing herself that she could not remain in my employ with her request ungranted! What a melancholy fate awaited my bachelor household deprived of it's mainstay! What could ever compensate me for that feeling of security [illegible] man is nightly ensconced in my kitchen, fortifying himself with Mary's incomparable pie and coffee, and ready on the instant to do mighty battle in my behalf while my neighbors' fitful slumbers are broken by visions of possible midnight marauders! Finally, would I ever secure such another cook? Never! Therefore, Mary's services must be retained at any cost and it was my imperative duty to secure an assistant.

"How providential, I thought, that at such a critical juncture this society should be brought to my notice. There, of course, I could secure the services of one of those acmes of feminine talent who would regard me not only as a master, but as a benefactor, and who, expanding under the influence of our noble domain, would lighten the burden of my increasing years by gradually assuming all of my onerous household cares, and who, above all, would enable me to retain the priceless services of Mary.

"With these pleasing reflections I sought out the offices indicated to me by my charming visitor of the morning and mentally prepared myself for the interview. On my way certain misgivings presented themselves Would the fair secretary consider me a susceptible old fool capable of masking a desire for intrusion under a veil of patronage, a sentimental old duffer transparently disguised in the white robe of Charity? No, a thousand times no. Armed with an honest purpose I had nothing to fear. My call should be strictly one of business and surely a man of my age and standing may patronize his own charity without being suspected of pressing unwelcome attentions upon one who is, in a sense, his agent, even though that agent be possessed of unexceptionable personal charms

"At this point gentlemen, let me call your attention to the advantages of the learned professions over the unremunerative activities of the philosopher. You, Doctor, are never called upon to expend your talents and then see them come to naught, except in certain hypochondriacal cases where the fee solaces you for any loss of professional pride. And you, Judge, have but to speak to see your will transformed into action. I ignore certain of your decisions reversed on appeal

"But regard the fate of the philosopher. I walked seven blocks, I ascended three flights of stairs, I solved a delicate ethical question of deep import to mankind and then, having arrived at my destination and my conclusion simultaneously, I found my physical and mental labours fruitlessly expended. In short, instead of the rooms of a benevolent association graced by the most charming of women, I found a prosaic real-estate office guarded by a stubby and freckled office-boy."

The Philosopher paused and lit a fresh cigar with exaggerated deliberation. The pause was eloquent and commanded remark but the Doctor and the Judge were strangely silent.

"Well," continued the philosopher with a satisfied sigh, "my case is proven, I am an old fool beyond any reasonable doubt. But how did you fare, Judge? I recommended our fare confidence worker to you. Did you also attain the heights of generosity and soforth?"

"Call it that if you like," replied the Judge, with excessive dignity, "but, in justice to myself, I must state that my part in the affair was attended by no loss to my self-esteem and I shall not tire you with any long-winded deprecatory argument in my own behalf. It is true that I was visited yesterday by a very beautiful young woman with dark eyes and —well — in short the same person, I presume, with whom you became enamoured. I was too deeply engrossed in my affairs to listen to eloquent appeals and had too much sense to become fascinated by the said lady's personal appearance and I was influenced to contribute solely by your initiative It is certain

that that would have been the end of the matter so far as I was concerned had I not recollected that my wife asked me some time since to try to secure a servant. I was deceived and I admit it but it reflects upon neither my mental condition nor my personal dignity, sir."

The Judge regarded his friends with his severest official frown but it failed to command the effect it invariably had in the court-room. The Philosopher's companion-in-misfortune smile only deepened and the Doctor rolled in his huge leather chair uttering hysterical gurgles.

"Idiots," growled the Judge and then relapsed into silence and sought comfort from his cigar while the Philosopher fixed a questioning eye upon the Doctor who was vainly seeking articulate speech.

"I will not attempt to justify my own actions in this affair," began the Doctor at last, "but I believe I can bring you a little solace in your grief."

"A free confession is good for the soul," remarked the Philosopher, and the Judge condescended to relax the severity of his countenance a trifle.

"As I was about to say when you intruded your irrelevant views concerning confession," continued the Doctor, "my wife wishes your presence at a little dinner to-morrow. It's in honor of her pet niece who has just come here from abroad. She is representing Lady W—in her philanthropic work and is about to establish an office in town. At present she is using an office lent by Jenkins, the real estate man, who happens to be a cousin of Lady W—. I see that I do not need to extol her charm of manner as an inducement."

"Well, my friends," said the Judge, "I perceive by the movements of our host's colored Major Domo that the hour for night caps and adieus has arrived Henry Clay Jefferson if you have the presumption to desecrate my toddy with that slice of plebeian lemon-rind you will appear before me in court to-morrow. Gentlemen.—Success and long life to the society and its secretary."

A Manitoba Summer Evening

By Robert J. C. Stead

THE breeze sighs slowly through the lisping grass
Sweet the dampness of the evening dew
The stately wheat rubs kernels neighborly;
The fleecy clouds are anchored in the sky —
A sky of depth of such transparent blue
The early stars seem nodding as they pass
Into the night; the sunset overhead
Is rivalled only by the sunset in the West
The sounds of toil are still, and dead
Are mowing arms held potent in the morn,
All nature has composed herself to rest
Night's mystic garb God's handiworks adorn,
And Faith is lord of reason till the morn.

The Manitoba Free Press "Peace River" boat follows the route shown by the heavy black line

Made in Vermilion

By L. H. Bickford

Associate Editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean

ILLUSTRATED WITH MAP

A LITTLE wooden barrel, made in Norway, complete as to staves and hoops, and on its head a scarlet plaster bearing in white letters the inscription, "Peace River Flour made at Vermilion, 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle;" such is the souvenir sent out to representative American publications by the *Manitoba Free Press*, which can certainly claim to be both original and felicitous in its holiday remembrances. One year it bestowed upon its journalistic friends a pen made from the quill of the Canada wild goose and the Cree legend of the wild goose put for the first time into print; another year a miniature sack of reindeer pemmican from Fort McPherson within the Arctic Circle, another, a sack of "No. 1 Hard" Manitoba wheat, and still another a genuine Indian peace pipe. Very suggestive of the wonders of the great new land up in the northwest all of these, but no one of them as interesting, as full of food for thought, as this little barrel with its surprising label.

A little book accompanies the barrel and tells among other interesting things how in 1859, John S. Khppert, of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, a member of many learned societies and an authority on wheat, declared that the tide of population then moving westward "must soon return to the wheat producing region." It was at this time believed that the western boundary of Ohio marked the limit of the wheat producing area of North America. And this was only fifty years ago, and the flour in this little barrel "travelled first some three hundred miles in a Hudson's Bay stern wheel steamer down the Peace River

to Lake Athabaska and across to the mouth of the Athabaska River, thence by the Athabaska River to Athabaska Landing, nearly 400 miles in a York boat. It was then brought by pack train one hundred miles to Edmonton and from Edmonton it traveled 1,032 miles to Winnipeg." From Winnipeg to Chicago is another 800 miles and more, and Chicago is considerably west of the boundary of Ohio, "the limit of the wheat producing region."

It is a very fortunate thing that all people do not believe in the limits that are set for them even by authorities. The men whom Klippert expected to see returning to the border of Ohio not only [illegible] to quote the book, [illegible] journeyed on beyond the [illegible] their sons and grandsons have for years been crowding across the international boundary and have pressed far into Western Canada and still the wheat springs up in their wake. Yesterday a wilderness, to-day the abode of the pioneer, to-morrow a waving field of grain." Such is the Epic of the Plough which under this wide arching heavens is written across the vast expanse of fertile soil that stretches away westward from the valley of the Red River across the continent to the foothills of the Rockies and northward to the valley of the Peace River.

"Since the dawn of history," goes on the booklet, "wheat bread and civilization have gone hand in hand. The emergence of mankind from savagery occurred when the first miller, regardless of anything save the pangs of hunger plucked a primitive wheat berry from the stalk and using his teeth for mill stones, ground wheat for a customer who would not be denied—his stomach. Thence onward, taught forethought by dire experience, man planted and reaped his slender crop by the most primitive implements and ground his poor stock of wheat in a rock mortar, putting by his store of rudimentary flour against a time when need was sure to come. Then larger fields were cultivated with clumsy yet improving tools and with greater crops following more intelligent handling.

"In time came the creaking windmill and step by step the advance went on to the present era of [illegible] unprecedented in the world's history for magnitude and quality and mills with rank upon rank of steel rollers.

"The origin of wheat has no exact date. Our cultivated wheat has arisen from wild ancestors in Southern Europe and Asia. The Egyptians grew wheat on the banks of the Nile closely related to wheat grown in Western Canada. They are believed to have derived it from Mesopotamia. A grain of wheat was found in a pyramid of which the date of construction was 3000 B. C. Grains of wheat have frequently been found in ancient Egyptian sarcophagi and everyone has heard stories of their having been planted and having germinated. No such story has ever been verified; and all scientific experiments with mummy wheat have failed to secure its germination. In ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, before they obtained metal to make sickles, only enough wheat was raised to provide a small portion of the people with bread which was therefore an article of luxury. When the Israelites felt the pangs of hunger in the wilderness and longed for the 'fleshpots of Egypt' they protested loudly to Moses, 'We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt, the barley, the cucumbers and the melons and the leeks and the onions and the garlic.' It is evident from their list of grievances that they had not been accustomed to wheaten bread as a part of their regular food while they served as bondsmen in the land of the Nile, and further proof that bread was then a luxury is found in the part that it played in the religious ceremonies prescribed by the Mosaic law.

"The Chinese, who seem to have a more or less valid patent on almost everything in modern use modestly claim that wheat was grown in China some 2,700 years before the beginning of the Christian era. In the ruins of prehistoric dwellings in Switzerland three kinds of wheat have been found. In Hungary and Lombardy wheat has also been found in prehistoric remains. It was cultivated in the stone age when

man used flint implements, at a time when the mammoth and the rhinoceros flourished in Europe. Undoubtedly it has undergone many changes during the time it has been cultivated by man but the fact that it claims a record of more than 4,600 years of faithful service to mankind is the best evidence of its sterling character and value as food.

"Primeval man reduced wheat to flour by means of a handstone for thousands of years. The grain was placed in a hollow stone and pounded into meal by means of a stone crusher. The first grinding mill was the saddle stone. This marked the initial step in the development of milling processes. It has been used throughout the world. The Greeks and Romans knew it and it is still in use. The upper surface of the stone was made concave; in this hollow the grain was rubbed and ground by means of another stone. Two limestone statuettes from tombs on the Nile near the Pyramids of Saggarat show women engaged in grinding with the saddle stone. Both of these are of date about 2200 B. C. Six hundred years later when Joseph became Pharoah's administrator of grain supplies the chief baker was imprisoned and subsequently hanged for producing bad flour. His grinding was done on the saddle stone. On this side of the Atlantic the aboriginal inhabitants were saddle stone millers as their relics attest and it is a remarkable fact that their saddle stones were greatly superior in shape and finish to any European saddle stone that has come down to the present day.

"In some countries the mortar was the successor of the saddle stone. The quern, an Italian invention of at least two thousand years ago, was the next step in the progress of milling. It was the first complete grinding machine in which the parts were mechanically combined. This was the machine in use at the dawn of the Christian era. It is still in common use in China and Japan.

"Originally, the woman was the universal miller and supplied the power which drove the hand stone and the saddle stone. Then slaves and, later, criminals did the drudgery and grinding. The slave and cattle mill preceded the water mill. First the Greeks and then the Romans used water as power for grain grinding. The earliest allusions to the water mill, the world's first power mill, occur in writings from 85 to 65 B. C. The windmill came into existence much later than the water mill. The year 1200 seems to be about the date that windmills were introduced into England. A windmill tower of the Crusader period still exists in Syria. In 1784 the steam mill entered the milling field.

"A peculiar fact in connection with the development of milling is that to-day every type of mill known in the history of flour making can still be found in active and practical operation in some quarter of the globe so that the course of the various processes may be clearly traced by using actual modern examples. Some Indian tribes of this continent crush grain in prehistoric fashion; the saddle stone method, such as was used in the time of Abraham, is still doing duty in parts of Africa; in the Transvaal the pestle and mortar may be seen in common use, the quern may still be found in use in certain parts of Europe and Asia; the slave mill was but the prototype of the treadmill; mills driven by cattle are not unknown to-day; watermills, tidemills and windmills are still making flour in this era of giant roller mills. From the beginning down to the present day the story of milling processes may be read by the curious in the devices and machines still in use and still doing the actual work of making flour for human food."

After the interesting little historical survey of wheat and milling from which I have given extracts, the booklet goes on into the development of the present manufacture of flour. I quote again:

"The manufacture of flour as it is understood in the largest sense to-day, is really a new industry both on this continent and in Europe, for it has been created since the introduction of new process milling which alone

made the operation of large flour mills possible, and this occurred only some thirty years ago. The saddle stone process was that of the individual or household miller; the advent of the quern and its improvements marked the beginning of the manorial or village milling. With the millstone came the grist mill, grinding for a larger district and exacting a toll from the farmers who brought grain to it, latterly developing in a moderate way into the merchant mill in some favorably located spot. Essentially the millstone era was the grist mill period. This was swept away almost entirely except in the more isolated rural districts by what is called the 'revolution in milling,' which first brought the purifier into use and soon after substituted chilled iron rollers for the long used millstones, thereby enormously increasing the output of the plants, creating the large modern mill with its traffic extending to remote districts at home and abroad and relegating the grist mill to complete obscurity and disuse. With the change came the present race of merchant millers as distinctly different from the typical grist miller of the millstone period as he was different from the quern miller or the last named from the slave miller of Roman days. So recent was the dawn of the new milling era that millers who saw it are still in their prime.

"The introduction of the purifier in Minnesota in 1870 was to milling what the introduction of the reaper was to agriculture. No other one machine has accomplished what it did for the world's bread eaters. About the time of its introduction good flour sold for ten dollars or more a barrel. The average price for flour in these days is about one third of its average then. The purifier did not reduce the cost of making flour but it enabled the miller to grind from the despised spring wheat which immediately commanded a price equal to that of the best winter wheat flour. This gave a great impetus to milling, increased the demand for spring wheat, rendered valuable the crops of Minnesota and Dakota and Western Canada and led to the agricultural development of this vast section of the country. To Edmund le Croix, a native of France, belongs the credit and honor of introducing and building the first purifier on this continent. He was an educated Frenchman but unaccustomed to business ways and lacked a knowledge of the English language. Had he been shrewder and more suspicious he would not have allowed the fruit of his work to escape him and he might have obtained some of the millions which went to others as the result of his experiments. The history of the purifier is an unwritten industrial romance. Fragments of it have been told but the entire story, abounding in dramatic facts, awaits the coming of a comprehending novelist to weave it into a tale of absorbing interest. It is the story of the stealing of inventive ideas, of the securing of patents by those not rightfully entitled to them of long and costly litigation, of the death of Le Croix, broken-hearted and poor, and years afterwards of the death of the man who appropriated Le Croix's invention and after attaining immense wealth came to disaster.

"The substitution of rollers for millstones was the most radical change ever made in the science of milling. It is claimed by the Hungarian millers that the millers of this continent appropriated their methods and that to the millers of Budapest belongs the credit of having first adopted the roller process of making flour. It is not claimed by the millers of this continent that the roller mill was invented by them, nor can they deny that stone rollers were in use in Hungary before they were adopted on this side of the Atlantic. It is claimed, however, that the system in use on this continent was neither invented nor first used in Budapest. The Hungarian roller mill millers claim that the first roller mill plant was installed in Budapest in 1874; that rollers were shipped by them to Minneapolis in 1878, to Switzerland, the United Kingdom and Russia three years earlier, and to France in 1876. But the Farrell Foundry of Ansonia,

Conn., entered an order on September 21st, 1874 for chilled iron rollers for George H. Christian and Company of Minneapolis. However, in seeking the original of the type of rollers now in universal use one must go back fifty years earlier. Unquestionably the inventor of the roller mill was Helfenberger, who in 1820 built and experimented with the first roller mill at Rohrschach, in Switzerland. This, however, was never developed by him. Jakob Sulzberger, of Frauenfeld, Switzerland, invented the first successful system of grinding with rollers. His mill was built in 1832 and started in 1833 and was an immediate and complete success. The honor of the invention, as well as the practical adaptation of chilled-iron rollers for making flour, belongs unquestionably to Switzerland.

"During the early eighties, rollers rapidly succeeded the millstones in all the principal mills in Canada and the United States and soon became the standard for new and modern mills the world over. Following the purifier and the roller came a train of useful inventions which were incorporated in the roller system of milling, dust collectors, scourers, bolters, separators, sifters and other machines. After the radical changes incident to the revolution of milling, the progress of trade has been in the direction of minor improvements and a close attention to economy in the cost of production, made necessary by the most intense competition and the reduction of profits to a minimum; and on this continent the geographical direction of the growth of milling capacity, like the movement of the production of high quality wheat, is northwestward.

"Of 131,614,000 bushels of wheat grown in Canada in 1906, 94,201,984 bushels were grown west of the Great Lakes, on 5,063,800 acres, out of the total area of 173,318,862 acres in Western Canada west of the Red River, capable of producing wheat."

There is much beside the extracts I have given that is more than ordinarily interesting in the little book but nothing more so than the statement, so simple on the surface but speaking so eloquently of the marvels of the Northwest that "the flour in the little barrel was made at the Hudson's Bay Company's mill at Vermilion in the Peace River Region 700 miles due north of the United States boundary, 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle and 650 miles west of Hudson Bay."

Sleep and Death

By Arthur Stringer

TWO sisters they—one wanton, light of heart,
Who takes us to her breast and laughs good-bye;
One chaste as ice, in her white room doth lie,
But him she loves, she never lets depart!

The Last of the Iroquois

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "Frontier Stories," etc.

AMONG the interesting discoveries made by the trail blazers in the employ of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the new trans-continental line being built across Canada, is the finding, away up in the Canadian Rockies, of a band consisting of some three hundred families of prosperous, peaceful, happy Iroquois Indians.

Wild as were the ancient Iroquois, this band, beaten and baffled by their brothers and driven westward by the whites, fought their way to the foothills of the Rockies. The present generation is able to follow their backward, blood-stained trail as far east as Illinois. They made many attempts to settle but were driven on and on.

In the Blackhawk uprising they were driven from the States, and for safety were forced to flee to the Northwest.

They travelled many months through strange lands and territories ruled by savage Indian tribes. They sought shelter with the Blood, Blackfeet, Cree, and Beaver Indians, but were treated like outcasts, and finally driven further westward

From camp to camp they journeyed until they struck the Nez Perce country, in northern Idaho, going thence to Spokane and Yakima settlements, but they were not allowed to remain. From the Yakima valley they went into the Colville district, where half their number were killed in combat with the Colvilles and Coeur d'Alenes

Finally they settled in the Rocky Mountains at the mouth of Yellowhead Pass, and as no one appeared to molest them they remained. For a time they traded with the Hudson's Bay people, but for more than one hundred years they have not been in communication with either factors or traders

The men devote their time to tribal sports such as games between boys foot racing and ball playing, the last named pastime being a cross between lacrosse and baseball, the bat being similar to that used by cricketers, with a net on the end

To the traveler and explorer, the discovery of this remnant of the once powerful Iroquois nation hidden away in the hills is interesting, but to the promoters of the new National Highway, and the Government which is backing the builders, arguing always that the wilderness is more than worth while, it means much. It proves beyond a dispute, what the Government experts, many of them, have always held, that there are favored sections and sheltered nooks even far up in the Northern Rockies where horses and cattles could be bred and grown successfully.

The engineers responsible for the main facts here set forth, aver that the horses owned by the Indians at Yellowhead are good range horses.

Here it seems to me is a golden opportunity to carry out the ideas advanced by Buffalo Jones, the well-known "Creator" of Cattleo, which is the cross between domestic cattle and the buffalo. Jones contends that a blend of mountain sheep and the Persian lamb would produce excellent mutton and a breed of sheep hardy enough for even a Dakota winter, and we all know that the chinook-fanned hills of Northern British Columbia are balmy compared with the Dakotas.

It is to be hoped that if the Dominion Government will not interest itself in this matter that the colonization agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific will endeavor to take up this matter of the cross of the Mountain Goat and the Persian Lamb

The Torn Letter

By Arthur Pearson Scott

A RAILROAD journey by oneself is a tedious affair at best, and Alan Denton was finding it even more so than usual. It was a gloomy day; the long line of billboards lining the track, cutting off all view of the woods and meadows, seemed more than ever hideous and offensive. Denton looked through his magazine again, and finally, as a last resort, began to read an article that he had skipped before. It was a description of some recent finds of papyrus manuscripts in the sands of Egypt, with a fac-simile of a page from some old Greek poet or other.

"It was a matter of great difficulty," he read, "to piece this page together, for the papyrus had crumbled to pieces as it was brought to light. But a patient study of the broken words, and a comparison of the irregularities of the edges enabled us to reconstruct the page somewhat as one puts together a puzzle map."

Denton was only languidly interested in the article, and soon shut the magazine and turned to look again at the uninviting landscape. His elbow on the sill of the car window sent some bits of paper fluttering down. He leaned down mechanically and picked them up. They were evidently pieces of a letter, for he noticed parts of words written in a clear hand

"I suppose that this is the sort of material that the chap had who put the Greek poem together," he thought. His glance fell on the pieces that still lay on the window-sill, and the last letters of the word in his hand caught his eye. He fitted the pieces together.

When a man is as intensely bored as Denton was, a very trivial thing can arouse a gleam of interest. He quickly gathered all the pieces in sight, and laying his magazine on his knees, began to fit the torn bits together. Gaining interest in his pastime, as word after word stood out again, it was not long before he had reconstructed the whole page. It read:

619 Alberta Ave.,

Dear Jack:

Thank you very much for the exquisite roses. I'm so sorry that I was out when you called. I hope to see you when you get back to the city.

Sincerely yours,

Katherine Rauleigh.

"Name and address, but no [illegible] mentioned. I wonder who she is And where does she live?" he mused.

Not until he had finished reading the note, did he realize that he was looking at private correspondence, never intended for his eyes. "Well, it doesn't seem to be particularly private," he thought in justification, "and besides Jack should not leave his letters around."

It was getting dark, and Denton put the bits of the letter in his pocket, and went back to the dining-car. In the smoker after dinner, he noticed several city directories. Half ashamed of himself for his curiosity, he glanced in them all, without finding his Lady of the Note

He took a comfortable chair, and lighted a cigar. Half closing his eyes, he listened to the rhythmical click of the rails as the train sped through the darkness. His thoughts wandered idly from the important law-case that he had just helped to settle, to his work in his own city. He felt pleasantly conscious that he had safely passed a critical point in his career; already his friends were working to secure for him the nomination as assistant city attorney. Then suddenly he found himself thinking of the torn note, and wondering who this Katherine was

There was an Alberta Avenue in his own city. Perhaps she lived there. As a matter of curiosity he might see, when he got home.

After killing the time as best he could for a while, he made his way to his section and turned in.

Next morning he drove directly from the station to his office, and plunged into the accumulated business of the time he had been away.

One evening a week or so later, he was sitting in the lounging room of his club. Feeling in his pocket for a match, he found the torn bits of the note.

"I might as well settle this mystery," he said, and crossed the room to get a directory. At last! The Ranleighs lived in his own town—that was one important point settled.

This added light on the matter only piqued his curiosity. The more he thought, the more eager he became to meet the fair Katherine — he was already thinking of here as Katherine, and rather assumed that of course she was fair. He sat down and tried to figure out some plan of procedure. Probably in the number of his friends he could find someone to— he sat up suddenly, and gazed eagerly at the newspaper that lay on the arm of his chair. His eye had caught the very name that he was thinking about!

"The Charity Bazaar of the Seventh Presbyterian Church will be held this evening in the church parlors. The committee in charge consists of Miss Elizabeth Avery, Miss Irene Nash and Miss Katherine Ranleigh."

"This is certainly a curious coincidence," he said to himself. He sat staring at the item for quite a while, and then rose abruptly and left the Club.

It was a clear, cold night, and Denton walked rapidly along the crowded down-town streets, trying to make up his mind about the whole matter.

"It's absurd to think of going down there," he told himself. But the interest that had been aroused in him was too strong to be set aside thus.

"Well, have it your own way," he said finally, half aloud, as if his better judgment was conceding a point to his impulse. He swung himself onto a passing car, bound for the Seventh Church. He went boldly into the vestibule of the Church, got a ticket, and passed into the Bazaar. The rooms were ablaze with many colored lights; booths and side-shows lined the walls and filled the center.

Denton paused a moment as he entered, looking around somewhat at a loss. At Charity Bazaars, however, bewildered strangers receive prompt attention. In another moment, Denton was weakly answering a charming [illegible] rose to a white one. She pinned it on his coat, and as she took his money, she said, "And have you seen the educated pig? Really, he's wonderful!" And without waiting for an answer, she consigned him to a young fellow who assured him earnestly that his education would forever remain a fragmentary imitation of the well-rounded and genuine article unless he availed himself of this unique opportunity of seeing Boswell, the literary Porker. Denton could not think fast enough to find a way of escape and soon found himself in a side room, watching Boswell perform. He cursed himself inwardly for being such a fool as to imagine that he could find a person whom he had never seen, among such a crowd. He wondered if he dared to ask someone where Miss Ranleigh was; but the guilty knowledge that he had no business whatever to be inquiring for her kept him silent. He looked around the audience in desperation, seeking for some familiar face. Fortune favored him as he was going out, for he almost ran into a man whom he knew distantly. He hailed him joyfully.

"Hello, old man!" he said, "I'm glad to see someone here that I know."

"Why, how are you, Denton? I didn't know that you belonged to this flock."

"I don't. I—just happened in."

"Well, glad to have you help us out. I must hurry over to my job in the picture place. Come over and get a souvenir post-card for the loved ones at home. And don't fail to have your

fortune told by Miss Ranleigh, the Gipsy Queen. Do you know her? No? Well, it is worth half a dollar of any man's money to have her gaze into your eyes and read the future for you," and with a hasty farewell he was off.

Denton lost no time in working his way to the Gipsy Queen's tent. A sign in front announced that a complete life reading of the past, present, and future would be given for only fifty cents. There seemed to be a slight lull in the stream of those seeking to penetrate the veil of their futures, for through the half open flap of the tent he saw the Queen herself sitting on a divan, leaning back against a pile of cushions, her eyes closed. The tent was richly draped with Oriental hangings. A red-shaded lamp lighted the interior. Denton paused at the door, gazing at the Queen. He felt no surprise that she was beautiful—he had somehow expected that. He forgot himself in looking at her, his pulses beating faster as he thought, "Katherine, this is Katherine."

Suddenly she opened her eyes, and rose

"Won't you come in," she said pleasantly, as she saw him apparently hesitating.

"I'm afraid you're tired," he answered, entering and taking the seat she offered him on the divan.

"Not so very," she returned lightly, "though I have been very busy I was just resting a second, and thinking. And now, you must cross my palm with silver, and then I shall be able to read your hand."

He did so, and laid his upturned hand on a little stand that she placed before him. As she took her seat opposite, she looked keenly at his face, trying to read something there that might be of service to her in her palmistry. She made rapid mental notes.

"He is certainly a gentleman, and rather a good-looking one; face: intelligent; chin: firm, but not obstinate; smile: pleasant; eyes: nice and grey, and honest, and—"

She dropped her glance suddenly, for the grey eyes betrayed such frank, though respectful admiration, that they were a little disconcerting. She bent her head over his open hand, The light touch of her fingers as she turned his hand a little toward the light, thrilled him strangely. He forgot everything except that she seemed more admirable every moment that he gazed. Presently she spoke:

"Your life has seen a good deal of conflict. You have a strong will, which has usually brought you success in what you have undertaken. Your hand shows both strength and action, and an appreciation of the finer things of life. You should be rather fond of poetry, and perhaps of music, though the chief interest of your life is your profession. This little cross line denotes a serious illness when you were a boy."

"So far, so good," he said. "But what of my future?"

She glanced up again. There was a note of interest in his voice that puzzled her a little.

"Are you so anxious to know?" she queried

"Indeed I am. What do you read?"

"You will be successful in most that you undertake," she said, looking at his hand again, "This is your heart line. See, it is crossed by only one deep line. It should be about this period of your life, though I cannot tell whether it is past, or to come in the near future."

"It isn't past," he said.

"Then you will meet her soon," she said smiling. "And I congratulate you, for I read that you are to be successful."

"I'm not so sure," he answered seriously. "I want your advice and help. I have already met her; seen her, that is, though I haven't met her formally. By the merest accident I saw her name on a torn piece of a letter, and it has haunted me ever since. And by a still more curious chance, I saw her name in the paper. I came here to-night to see her. I've found her, and —" he halted abruptly.

Miss Ranleigh listened in surprise as he began this curious confidence.

"I am afraid that this is not in my province," she said. "I have told you

that you are to succeed. And now—you must excuse me. I am afraid that there are others waiting—"

"But it is in your province. No other person can possibly help me. I—you are—" He stopped, embarrassed by the sudden enlightenment in her eyes. It had at length dawned upon her what he meant. She rose quickly, and spoke with frigid dignity, "I do not quite understand what you mean, but I must ask you to go."

He bowed without speaking. But as he put his hand on the flap of the tent, he turned.

"I know it seems unpardonable," he said, "but I ——there are some people here that would introduce me Do you think that she that you—would let me be presented in the regular way?"

He stood in the rich shaded light of the hanging lamp, his strong clear-cut face aglow with eagerness for her answer. The sincerity in his voice and manner was unmistakeable. Her resentment melted, and she found herself saying, "In case you did that, I might forget this evening."

"To-morrow evening, then," he said

"The Gypsy Queen predicts that you will be welcome," she answered with a smile.

The Night for Visions

By Dorothy Green

THE night, the night for visions! Through the day
Men struggle onward in a glare of light
Haggle at farthings, weep and curse and fight
But when the shadows fall they stop to pray
Or hearken what the spirit voices say.
Then the freed soul, rejoicing in its flight,
Goes soaring far in realms of clearer sight,
Slipping at last these hampering bonds of clay

So found the bard whom seven cities claim,
Wandering sightless under Heaven's blue,
For through the dark the splendid visions came
In throngs that seeing mortals never knew,
And down the echoing ages rings the fame,
Of him who dreamed and made the dream seem true

From Forest Fastness to Ocean Dock

The Story of British Columbia's Giant Evergreens

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Vice-President Canadian Women's Press Club, Director Dominion of Canada Educational Association

"For the trees, I ween, which have long grown green
In the light of the sun and the stars,
Must bend their backs to the lumberman's axe,
Mere timber and planks and spars."

"WANTED! ten buckers, twenty barkers and seven left-handed knot sawyers!" Such the legend before the village-store in any British Columbia lumbering town.

Lingering round on knowledge bent, to find out what a "bucker" or a "barker" may look like at close range, one discovers that they are not strange wild animals but men, long, lean, brown men, clad in top-boots, jeans and blanket coats—muscular and silent. They call one another "lumber-jacks"; when they stand for days knee-deep [illegible] out of mud-banks, they are "slough pigs." An expert lumber-jack easily earns his $3.25 a day, sawyers and mill-men get more

The forest area of Canada is one and a half billion acres, and of this total, British Columbia contains 182,750,000 acres, the greatest compact area of merchantable timber in the world.

As far north as Alaska the coast is heavily timbered, the forest line following the indentations of the shore and river-valleys and fringing the mountain sides.

The Douglas fir is the most widely distributed and valuable tree of the Pacific Coast; in British Columbia it grows from the sea to the Rockies and from the international boundary north to the parallel of 51°, where it is supplanted by the cypress or yellow cedar, hemlock and spruce.

The Douglas fir divides with the Sockeye Salmon the honor of being British Columbia's chief asset, having an adaptable range of usefulness which runs from 2 x 5 picture moulding set "British Columbia tooth-picks," spars 140 feet long which square 30 to 36 inches. When in the lone places one looks up to those far tops of fir rustling in the upper currents of air and soughing a song of their own making, it is of ships' spars one dreams, and bridge-work and long black wharves stretching out in the twilight where rail meets sail.

It is on Vancouver Island that this tree attains its greatest size towering three hundred feet in the air with a base circumference of from thirty to fifty feet. Combining the same specific gravity of oak with great strength, it is the staple timber of commerce, classed often by the trade as "Oregon pine." In the opinion of Prof. Macoun, it is a valuable pulp-making wood. Whenever this *Pseudo-isuga Douglassi* points its giant tops skyward or where, shorn of bark and tresses, it is carried to far lands where the strange ships go

down, its name keeps green in memory that kindly botanist, David Douglass, who in the early twenties of the last century explored the forest vastness of "New Caledonia."

The Red Cedar (Thuya gigantea) and the Yellow Cedar (Thuya excelsa) though not so tall as the Douglas Fir, outgirth it, specimens sometimes running 18 feet diameter at the stump.

In addition to its commercial value for shingles and interior furnishings, the cedar is a perennial thing of beauty and the indispensable friend of the settler. Out of its straight-grained logs he builds his forest shack, covers it with hand-made shakes, constructs his furniture, and snake-fences his fields, and all with the most primitive of tools, a saw, an axe and a froe. The long and slender pendulous fruits of the cedar and its strong pungent odor when cut make it very easy to identify.

Out of the cedar the Hydah Indians of Queen Charlotte build their big war-canoes fifty and sixty feet long with an eight foot beam. Each canoe is hollowed out by rough axe and fire from the trunk of a single cedar, and will carry safely for hundreds of miles over the heaviest sea, a family of four generations with dogs, chickens, household gods and assorted babies The cedar is the "family-tree" of the Siwash.

The great White Spruce (Picea Sitchensis) is par excellence the wood for paper-pulp manufacture, and its habitat is the low, swampy and delta-lands. The texture and fibre of the White Spruce render it invaluable for making doors and window-sashes, shelving, salmon-boxes, barrels and fruit-cases. The wood is very white, is elastic, and bends with the grain without splitting, so that it is much used in boat-building and the making of oars. It resists decay and is not attacked by insects

The sharp-pointed short spruce needles are quite impossible to grasp with the naked hand and this renders the spruce easily distinguishable from the other British Columbia coniferæ.

One feature of the forest here is their density. As high as half a million feet of lumber has been taken from a single acre, which seems almost incredible to the Eastern lumbermen who when he cuts 20,000 feet to the acre thinks it a decent average.

Owing to the great size of the trees, British Columbia logging operations run into money requiring much more powerful machinery than similar plants in Eastern Canada and the United States, also the absence of winter snows forbids this easy method of log-transit, making necessary the construction of expensive skid-roads or railways.

The story of the fir from forest fastness to ocean-dock is full of interest. First on the scene is the timber-cruiser, a wonderful woodsman so expert that by an acute sixth sense he can spy out the coveted timber locations, and give one within a thousand feet the cutting capacity of every acre, and all this without use of the fine-spun book-rules of the mathematician.

Then comes the engineer, and plans a way out for the logs to the sea, no easy task. Meanwhile, the fellers swoop upon the timber making wide swaths in the forest and letting in upon all the wild, shy things for the first time in the centuries, glimpses of the good sun and the blue sky of heaven.

The fellers are followed by the buckers who cut the fallen trees into the required lengths, after which the swampers get everything ready for transportation to where, at the sea-edge, the lumber-mills are built and the ships of the world await their cargo. All the harbors are ice-free during the winter and lumbering may be prosecuted for 365 days every year.

In the early days logging was carried on by ox-teams, 24 oxen two abreast being harnessed to one fallen giant. As the roads cleared up, horses gradually superseded the oxen, then the taking out of the mammoth firs was done by a big road-engine which reached the long steel fingers of its inch diameter cable for a mile and a half or two miles into the woods, strongly coupled together its strings of logs and dragged them exultant

over skid-road to the sea. And now as the timber most easily accessible from the coast is logged off, the road-engine is being rapidly replaced by log-cars and locomotive.

Rich with latent usefulness are these crowded areas of evergreen. To the east across the Rockies in the wilderness of wheat a new empire is building, the people are crowding in and all of them must be housed. These new little raw towns along the railway tracks, the railway trestles and the great wheat elevators are built of British Columbia lumber.

Eastward by land and westward by water, British Columbia shares with those who need it her forest dower. It is no uncommon sight to see lading here, side by side, ships from Scotland, Shanghai, Ostend, Chili, Suva, Sydney, Yokohama, Cape Town, Kobe, Melbourne, Freemantle and London.

Little did the builders of old Fort Victoria dream of this activity when away back in 1843 with bribes of beads and blankets they induced the Indians to bring in long cedar posts that the stockaded bastions of the fortress of the fur-traders might be well and truly laid. Indeed so little was known in the Mother Country at this time of the timber possibilities of this Outpost of Empire that the gracious Baroness Burdette-Coutts sent an iron church by sailing vessel "round the Horn" and through two oceans, that the miners, the fur-trappers and the painted Indians might be gathered into a sanctuary's fold.

But it is the transmuting of forests of nodding spruce into paper for the nations that one finds perhaps the most fascinating outlook. The papyrus of the Nile was the first source of the world's paper supply. The Beech-groves of Germany and England succeeded Egypt. And now it is to the spruce woods of Canada that the paper-using peoples of the earth turn.

The first modern paper was made from cotton and entirely by hand. The demand becoming greater than the supply, the wit of man searched the earth for other plant material with the necessary fibre; the papyrus and palm, cotton, flax, all proved inadequate. The demands for paper were inexorable and ever increasing. Every zone was searched—Esparto grass, straw, nettles, thistles, peat, the refuse of the sugar-cane and the stalk of the hop, all in succession were tried and the ideal material not yet found.

Then in an inconspicuous laboratory in Saxony in 1845 one Keller hit upon wood-pulp, and the paper-supply problem was solved. The most satisfactory pulp-woods which have declared themselves are white and black spruce, Canada balsam, poplar, aspen and pine; and the greatest of these is spruce.

From wood-pulp an enticing array of articles is made. The quick imagination sees in these forests of Pacific Spruce—paper, parchment and cotton-wool for hospital dressings; pails, dishes, cigar-boxes; panels and cornices for the architect; car-wheels, water pipes and electric conduits, coffins, boats and carpets; mattresses, lead-pencils and shoe-heels; horse-shoes, buttons and bicycle-handles, tennis-hats for the lady of leisure and fruit-jars for the housekeeper.

Atmospheric conditions in the Pacific Province are especially favorable to tree growth, a yield of 500 cords of pulp-wood per acre being not uncommon.

Owing to its unexcelled water-powers, wealth of raw material and geographical location, British Columbia occupies a position of eminent advantage in bidding for the paper-pulp and lumber industry of the world, and in her forests of fir and spruce we see the last theatre of the lumberman in America.

The Message of Long Pete

By Percy S. Howard

ILLUSTRATED WITH PAINTING BY F. D. SCHWALM

THE row started over the old question of who were to be the masters, sheepherders or cowpunchers. The cowboys had certainly been much longer in the valley than the sheepmen, their enemies, in fact the latter had moved in but a year and a half before; and if they had acted squarely things might have been peaceful for years; but they had gone to work and bought up the land surrounding any water there was, and put up—what the cowboy hates above all things—barbed wire fences.

People who have not been among the ranches of the West will hardly understand perhaps how the fencing of a few springs will ruin a beautiful summer range and how, if the thing is properly run, a great many cattle and sheep can water at springs comparatively close together; but it is a vital thing with ranch men. In this instance the sheep herders had but about four thousand sheep, but they were determined to run the cattle out of the country and so have a range of from thirty to forty miles entirely to themselves. Therefore, they had bought an acre here and there wherever there was water and these they had fenced in.

Long Pete, foreman of the Circle Bar ranch, had ridden to town, purchased wire cutters and returned to camp, and the next morning a thousand cattle were roaming in the sheep pastures and drinking at the springs. The sheepmen promptly drove the cattle off and set the dogs on them; but Long Pete and Jo happened to be riding in that neighborhood and discovered the cattle stampeding with the dogs after them. Only one dog got back to the sheep camp, and that one, we heard afterward, looked as if a bullet had come uncomfortably close.

Thereafter war was definitely declared by the herders. Any cowboy was to be shot on sight, law or no law, so said Augustine Sabastien, the German in charge of the sheep camp.

The first one of us to run up against the enemy was Harry Foster, the youngest chap on the ranch, except Pete's son Frank, and when he came back and told Long Pete and the rest of us about his experience I tell you there were things doing. He had ridden over to a nearby ranch on Sunday afternoon, when who should crop up but old Augustine himself. Harry saw his danger but being young and inexperienced was not quick enough in pulling his gun and in consequence found himself looking down the eight inch barrel of a Colts.

"Veil, I think I shoot you right now you miserable little coyote. Dat vill show your gang not to fool mit me," Augustine spluttered out, which was not a really cheerful greeting but Harry stood his ground.

"Shoot and be damned;" he said. "But let me tell you that if you do Long Pete will cut the heart out of you."

Long Pete's name only added to the Germans' rage. "Long Pete" he roared. "I vish it vas Long Pete I haf before me. He is de—" and then the door opened and Emma Carter, the daughter of the ranchman, entered. She was a pretty girl and I guess she looked prettier than ever to Harry as she came flying across the room.

"How dare you pull a gun in my father's house?" she cried and then

stood there and told Augustine things about himself that surprised him. It seemed he had been planning to marry her never having calculated that she might refuse him. He said as much, his gun still close to Harry's

"Do you stick up for him," demanded, "before me who have to marry you?" And then at the burst of angry scorn from the girl, Sebastien turned his eyes in her direction. That was all Harry needed. In an instant the revolver was flying across the room and Augustine found his late quarry looking at him over a ring of cold steel, and all he heard was, "Git!" and it did not have to be repeated. Harry marched him to the stable saw him mount his horse, and bade him not fool with the cowmen again. What he said afterward to the girl who had saved his life he omitted to tell us.

Long Pete did not take much part in our comments on Harry's story. He was never one to do much talking. He was a quiet man wrapped up in his work and in his son, now a boy of eighteen. I had often wondered in the time I had been with them why he was so popular with the men for he was never what you might call a mixer. He had come to the ranch with his little boy ten years before they told me, and very soon had been made foreman. That was all anybody knew of him. It was partly this reserve, partly the fact that he spoke a little differently from the rest that gave us all the idea that he had once been used to other things. He made something of a friend of me but even to me he never spoke of anything in his life previous to the ten years he had been on the ranch

He sat that evening, listening to Harry and the rest of us, and occasionally he put in a word but it was always a word that counted. "Of course we've got to have the water," he said "but avoid trouble where you can, boys."

But, as it turned out, Pete was the next one to run up against Sabastien. One day while riding a bad horse he broke a spur; this of course was a bad fix to be in and the next day he took the trail for town to purchase a new pair the boys calling after him mock warnings about keeping shy of the sheep camp. The fact that Frank, who had been away for a week, would come in on that afternoon's train undoubtedly added to his willingness to visit the town. The father and son were inseparable chums and I can fancy how Pete counted on the long ride back to the ranch with his boy for his companion.

On arriving in town, he put his horse in a small unused stable and taking off his "chaps" strapped them to the saddle leaving his revolver with them. The stable door opened into a yard with a seven foot board fence around it and on nearing the gate, some hundred feet from the stable who should appear around the corner but Augustine Sabastien. He had evidently been watching Pete approach for he was ready and the first Pete knew a revolver was thrust into his face. Sabastien's specialty was taking men off their guard. He never risked his precious neck where the other man had an equal chance. He was very pleased with himself now.

"Vonce more," he said, "I got de drop on one of my dirty enemy Git me yet your revolver."

Long Pete did not speak, he only smiled This put Augustine into a rage. "Gif me your revolver quick," he shouted.

"Help yourself you blustering idiot," said Pete. "It is on my saddle"

"I am not going to shoot you by," said Sabastien "Your front let me off vonce, now I let you off vonce'—which was the only decent thing anybody ever knew Sabastien to do—"but I vill chase you out of der town and der next time I see you I shoot you on sight. Now you get ready."

Under the guidance of Augustine's gun, Pete went into the stable and after Augustine had secured the revolver from the "chaps" he ordered Pete to saddle up. A careful observer might have thought that Long Pete was taking an unnecessary length of

time on the off side of his horse but Augustine was drunk with his own prowess and never noticed that fact nor the additional one that the lariat was carried past the nose by a hand. Pete called to him to get out of the way as the horse was inclined to use his feet and even this hardly-to-be-expected thoughtfulness did not rouse his suspicions. Anyway, Pete had a notion that men were apt to obey

The German, secure in his possession of the revolvers, backed toward the middle of the yard. Pete was in the saddle and out of the door in a trice and the second he was out, there came the swish of a rawhide rope and before Augustine realized what had happened, he was off his feet and on his back, his gun going off fruitlessly in the air. Away went Pete down the road while the German followed some ten feet behind but not of his own free will The rope was under his arm so he was in no danger of being choked to death. Moreover the long hot summer days had produced a beautiful soft bed of dust some four or five inches thick But he was not thanking heaven for these mercies. Instead, as soon as Pete slowed up so he could speak at all, he proceeded to indulge in all the threats at his command flavored with a varied assortment of German oaths.

"Have you had enough?" asked Pete quietly

"Enough, you say? Enough, yes, I haf had too much already I haf you arrested—" but he didn't get any farther for once more he was being dragged through the dirt.

"Now," said Pete, "if you have had enough say so and don't say anything else or I'll drag you to your blasted sheep ranch."

That settled it. Augustine said he had had enough and he added no unnecessary remarks: so with a quiet warning to stay away from the town while he was in it Pete left him and rode back to the stable. There, having put the horse away and collected the revolvers he went up town to do his shopping.

As the town had only two stores Pete did not take long in securing his wants and, this accomplished, he dropped in at one of the half dozen barrooms and stayed there talking with the proprietor and the men who came in. The cowmen and the herders patronized an entirely different set of saloons. Pete told a little about his recent experience with Augustine and his friends who knew both men managed to patch out a very fair idea of what had happened.

"You want to look out for him, Pete," they warned after they had got through laughing at the picture of the stout Teuton travelling through the dust at the end of Pete's lariat but Pete only smiled. I think his mind was much more on the meeting with his boy than it was on the irate Sebastien. He strolled down to the station long before train time and [illegible] I suppose when a man has had the sole responsibility of bringing up a son that it does give him a different feeling toward him. No one had ever heard him mention Frank's mother but I have an idea that he sometimes talked to the boy about her. Just once Frank said something to me in which he referred to his mother and it was in a tone as if he were speaking of something holy.

Pete had a right to a feeling of pride as the tall fresh faced young chap stepped off the train. There was no nicer boy in all the country than Frank. His face lighted up when he saw his father. "Halloo dad," he said "how did you happen to be here?"

Pete explained about the spurs, trying to conceal the fact that the boy's arrival had been much more than half the reason for his coming; but the boy knew, and his hand was on the older man's shoulder as they went down the street together.

"I've left my truck in this back room of Mike's," Pete said. "We'll get that and then we'll saddle up and get started." They turned into Mike's saloon, Pete smiling at some story the boy was telling and then there came a shot.

Frank stooped, staggered a step or two, and with his father's arms about

[illegible] sank to the floor. Even then he [illegible] to smile up into the age-old [illegible] above him. "I'll be all right [illegible]" he said. "Who else knew [illegible] was up slip like that?"

"Shh, mother!" yelled Mike. "I [illegible] to Sabastien the [illegible]" He thought nobody seen him but I [illegible] him."

[illegible] and carried him up to the Ilford Track and carried him up to the back room where there was a couch. It happened that there was no one else in the saloon. Sabastien had used his usual caution in selecting [illegible].

"I'll send for the doctor" said Mike and ran out on his errand.

The boy looked up at his father who was trying helplessly to stop the blood. "I'm afraid I'm done for dad" he gasped. Then his voice grew a little stronger. "We haven't done much that was wrong, dad," he said, "never even bunked any [illegible]. You said that my mother believed there was another world—after this." His voice grew fainter again. "I guess we'll be together." And when Mike's messenger came hurrying back with the doctor there was no need for him.

Long Pete hired a wagon in the town and brought his dead boy back to the ranch. They offered to come with him, different ones, for friends [illegible] friends in the West if they are anywhere, but he said no. He would go alone.

I shall never forget how we saw him come driving up and how we knew, the instant we saw his face what it was that lay covered up there in the wagon.

We buried the boy out under the big pine where he used to lie and read when he was a little chap. Pete went to a chest he had and took from it a prayer book, a prayer book bound in soft, purple leather and lettered in silver. I knew that it must have belonged to the boy's mother. Pete read the burial service from it, his voice as calm as the great mountains that stood sentinel on the horizon. His face set like a mask. The men, in leather "chaps" and high heeled riding boots stood about, their heads bent, their hats in their hands. It was a strange funeral. When it was over Pete thanked us all in the same quiet voice.

"I am going to ride [illegible] and [illegible], alone, John," for I had tried to have him let me go, "If I am not back to-morrow, boys, I will send you a message." Then without another word he set off with one last look back at the old pine he went into the stable. I followed him but it was not to [illegible] spoke. He did not know I was there.

"I broke her heart," he said in that same colorless voice. "And now the boy is gone."

I went back softly and presently he came out with two ponies. Still in silence, he mounted one of them, [illegible] leading the other rode away into the settling gloom of coming night.

A feeling of great uneasiness possessed us all but we told each other that it was a natural thing for him to ride away the first sharpness of his loss. "It was just like him to take that other bronco," said Jo who had been on the ranch when Long Pete first came to it. "He wouldn't ask no one horse to carry him all night the way he means to ride." And then the older men told us stories of Pete's quiet courage and of his kindness. "He used to drink some when he first come," said Jo, "but after the kid got old enough to notice he cut it all out. Seems like he felt he owed it to that boy to give up everything for him. I've wondered a good deal about Pete. There was a man stopped at the ranch once for a day and he claimed to have knowed Pete's folks in England; but Pete told him he was mistaken and the man, who was a decent sort even if he was a swell, just begged pardon and shut up. But none of us that heard him ever believed the chap was mistaken."

The next day passed and Long Pete had not returned. The end of the second day had come. The boys at the ranch were riding in, one by one, unsaddling and lying down to smoke before the evening meal. All at once

Jo sprang to his feet and pointed toward the ridge at the southwest. "What the devil is that?" he cried. "Have those — shepherds — " his voice died away. The object he was pointing at was near enough now for us to recognize Grey Jenny, the pony Long Pete had led away with him. She was coming on at a mad pace. And behind her something was running, or dragging!

We were all on our feet, gazing with [illegible] for although Grey Jenny [illegible] come home if turned loose, she would not be coming like that unless she were in deadly terror. Jo ran and opened the corral gate and in raced Grey Jenny, one white lather with sweat and shaking like a leaf, her eyes standing almost out of her head. But the object she dragged behind her! What was that? The shape was a man's or the remains of what had once been a man. There was a rope tied from the horse's tail to the grewsome thing. And the thing horrible sickening awful- had been Augustine Sabastien.

That was Long Pete's Message. Pete himself we never saw again though we searched faithfully. Some have it that he is still living and that he has been seen with a bunch of Indians who roam the mountains in search of game, but the boys on the ranch do not believe it. We found the skeleton of a white man in Devil's Coulee a year and a half after and thinking it might be Pete we buried it with all reverence. But we never had any proof.

If you ride through that country to-day you will find no sheep. There were no doubt good men among the herders but they had to pay the penalty of being associated with a malignant, cowardly brute like Sabastien. Popular feeling ran too high for any sheep man to find it a healthy place to stay.

Harry and Emma married and he is now foreman at the ranch. Two sturdy little lads play among the flowers in front of the ranch house, and when the pretty mother runs out to see that they are all right and give them a swift caress she calls them Frank and Pete.

Valentines

By Jeannette Cooper

What [illegible]
She is like a sunny day, sweeter every hour;
She is like a snatch of song
Like a wee bird's trill;
She is like all lovely things
Only lovelier still.

Bow I lower, could I take good aim
My love's a tiny lass,
The stately lilies bow their heads
In joy to see her pass.
But may I, can I, dare I tell
This dearest wish of mine?
'Tis to persuade this little maid
To be my valentine.

A Paternal Corporation

By E. Cora Hind

Sixth Paper

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"I will take mine ease in mine Inn"

ALL the world travels to-day, either on business or pleasure bent, and rare it is to find man or woman who has not, during a twelve month, spent at least one night in an Inn or a "take in" as one witty wag expressed it.

To the business man, weary with much labor, the important things in his inn are a good bath, a good meal and a good bed, he is not strong on scenery. Of those who travel for pleasure there are two distinct classes, one small and the other large. Those of the smaller class have been called of the "Red gods" and long for the wild places of the earth, where they may sleep on spruce boughs under an open sky. At sunrise they awake, stretch, strip and plunge into the nearby stream or lake and fifteen minutes later are ready for breakfast, of which quantity is the prime requisite—muddy coffee in a tin cup is nectar, and the ubiquitous bacon and flapjacks ambrosia, fit for the gods. To these ardent souls palatial hotels, and log inns are like prisons, they want all outside, even when it is raining.

The large majority, however, of the people, who travel to-day want to go, where they can enjoy beautiful scenery, or visit places of historic interest, and in the doing of it they want to revel in all the comforts of the most luxurious homes.

To meet this need the Canadian Pacific Railway has set throughout the three thousand odd miles of its length sixteen purple amethysts of varying size and tone and linked them together by a golden chain of palace sleeping and dining cars, so that whether the tourist lands at Victoria from the Orient, or at Quebec from Great Britain or Europe or arrives from the south at Montreal, Winnipeg, or Moosejaw it is possible to see all that is finest and best of Canadian scenery, public institutions, industrial enterprises and historic treasures, that lie scattered over the length of the greatest transcontinental line in the world, without once being severed from the silken luxury in which it is at once the pleasure and profit of "A Paternal Corporation" to enfold its guests, of whom, should all its hostelries chance to be full upon one day, it can care for 2500. It places hotels and chalets where natural beauties tempt the tourist to linger, but where there is not sufficient business to attract the man looking for a commercial proposition, and though some of these houses may not even meet expenses, they are maintained at the same high standard of efficiency as the most profitable hostelry on the line.

There is no better way to test the real merits of these various hostelries than to follow the example of two Australian women, mother and daughter, who last year returning from wintering in Great Britain, landed in Quebec in late June, and at the beginning of October, sailed from Victoria on the Empress of Japan, bound for a month in the Kingdom of Flowers, before sailing for Sydney, Australia.

In dropping anchor at Quebec the Australians but followed the illustrious example of Jacques Cartier, who did

the same some 375 years earlier and of Champlain who landed there in 1608. The Australians, however, had the advantage of those early and intrepid spirits, for they went direct to the Chateau Frontenac and secured rooms on the fourth floor commanding the marvelous panorama of the St. Lawrence, as far as the eye can see, also the beautiful valley of the St. Charles. Speaking afterwards of this visit they said it was with the greatest difficulty they tore themselves away from the Chateau and the view, to visit other points of historic interest for whenever they turned from the matchless view from the windows, they were caught from the beauty within and spent hours in going up and down the quaint stairways and in merely standing and looking down the long corridor, beautiful with its white panellings, polished oak floor and Axminster rugs, between the gracefully moulded pillars into the long drawing room and, beyond to the ladies' pavilion, or lounging in the ladies' drawing room which is perfectly round and perfectly appointed. Coming as they did, almost direct from old France they were struck, as every one must be with the perfection with which in a new land the old beauty of line and color has been preserved. Throughout its three hundred rooms there is not a jarring note of form or color, while its outer walls of grey stone and dull brick seem a part and parcel of Canada's oldest and most historic city. Dreaming of the days of the Chateau St. Louis, on the site of which the Chateau Frontenac stands, they finally wandered away to view the monuments of that long ago time when [illegible] ed La Pompadour ruled France and the new world also, and later the memorials to the struggle between the two great nations whereby half a continent was added to British possessions beyond seas, the monuments of Champlain, Wolfe, Montcalm, the old St. Louis gates that, could they speak would tell the tale of many a wild sortie, the Citadel, the Parliaments Buildings, the Governor's Garden, the Basilica, the

post office, where on the northern facade is preserved the legend on which Kirby founded his entrancing novel of Chien D'Or. Days passed and still the Australians stayed, they must visit the ruins of the Chateau Bigot the falls of Montmorency, the Isle D'Orleans, the shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupre and the Plains of Abraham where a part of the great battle ground is now devoted to the peaceful game of golf, the links being said, by famous players, to have no rivals in the world.

At last one morning in early July the travellers bade a lingering goodby to Quebec and departed for the Place Viger Hotel, Montreal. In some things the site of the Place Viger is just as fascinating as that of the Chateau Frontenac for it was here that 250 years ago French carpenters, fresh from the labor of old France, erected, from the timber of the virgin forest the first windmill that was to grind the corn of those days and to lay the foundation of the great industrial and commercial city of to-day.

The Australians found it hard to think themselves back into that old time from the grand hotel of the French Renaissance with its prototypes to be found on the banks of the Loire, and yet with every modern convenience, protection and comfort that anyone of its possible 350 guests ever dreamed of. They passed up the beautiful main stairway of Carrara marble, with its historically symbolic decorations, to the magnificant drawing rooms and thence out on to the summer promenade, that stretches nearly the entire 300 feet of the building and from which splendid views of the city are obtained.

Ten days at the Place Viger proved far too short for all the travellers wanted to do but in that time they managed a glimpse at least of the splendid docks and the great factories, but devoted most of their time to visiting the historic spots, such as the church of Our

DRAWING ROOM IN THE ROYAL ALEXANDRA HOTEL, WINNIPEG

Lady of Bonsecours dating back to 1657, with its "little heaven", the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, St. James Cathedral, the Chateau de Ramezay, Bonsecour Market, with its glimpses of the primitive Habitant, the Elgin Gallery, McGill and Laval universities, and did not neglect the lovely Mountain drives, the shooting of Lachine Rapids and a visit to Lake St. Louis

Leaving Montreal the travellers declared, "just one day at Caledonia Springs Hotel and then Ottawa and on to Winnipeg," but the day at Caledonia Springs lengthened into three for the hotel was so restful and the springs so refreshing after strenuous sightseeing, and there was hard work ahead at Ottawa. At Ottawa the time was spent almost entirely between the Parliament buildings, the Central Experimental Farm and the Chaudiere Falls. As the train pulled out from Ottawa mother remarked to daughter, "I have taken the sleeper right through to Winnipeg, for I noted the Royal Alexandra was the next Canadian Pacific hotel."

After the long journey round the north shore, the travellers came at night to Winnipeg, and passed at once from the platform to the brilliantly lighted rotunda of the "Royal Alex" as Winnipeggers delight to call the big hotel with its four hundred and fifty chambers, the sweet strains of the orchestra the tall palms, the stately pillars, the softly shaded lights and the exquisite coloring made a welcoming picture that the tired women will never forget. After a bath and a night in the sumptuous beds for which the Royal Alex is already famous over a continent, the travellers spent the morning in admiring the splendid drawing and reception rooms and examining in detail the lovely appointments of the Vice-regal suite which chanced at the moment to be vacant Here was not the beauty of outside scenery that had lent such a charm to Chateau Frontenac and Place Viger But presently the life and stir of the main thoroughfare of a growing Western city asserted its charm and the latter part of the afternoon was spent in watching the tide of business ebb and flow and seeing the great trolley cars dart down the incline under the splendid arches of the sub way. Presently they sought Manager Wills and said, "Winnipeg seems to be purely a commercial town, there is nothing historic to see, is there?" With a quiet smile the manager told them if they would take a car going northward, under the sub way, they would be able in an hour to visit the cathedral and grave yard of St John's (Angelican) where some of the tombs dated back to 1803 and where the first missionary to the Red River, with his wife and infant son are laid to rest; the Kildonan church, earlier known as the church of Frog Plains, built by the personal labors of men and women brought out by Lord Selkirk, and last the Seven Oaks monument that marks the place where Governor Semple fell in that final struggle between the Hudson's Bay and the North West Trading Company. If they cared to go South they could visit the stores and offices of the "The Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company," and might witness the ceremony of packing goods for the north where everything has still to be carried in York boats and must be in packages convenient for carrying across portages. They would unfortunately, be too late in the season to see the costly contents of the famous fur rooms as that had already been shipped to the London market for the current season Further they could take the St. Boniface car and crossing the Red River by Norwood Bridge visit the town of St Boniface and see the site at least, of the cathedral famous in Whittier's poem the graves of Louis Riel, double rebel from constituted authorities who paid the penalty of his crimes on the scaffold in 1885, and, his mother, Madam Riel, that splendid pioneer woman, who living well on into her eighties died, still believing that her notorious son had been a patriot and a martyr; the grave of Archbishop Tache, also, the brilliant and kindly prelate who did so much to mold Roman Catholic thought in the Canadian West more than half a century

THE BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

ago and who was a direct descendant of La Verandrye, the first white man to visit the Red River.

If they choose to spend a further day in sightseeing they could take the trolley line north along the river and visit Lower Fort Garry, with its walls and bastions complete, as in the days when it was built to withstand the possible and indeed probable attacks of Indians, though now its chief office is to make a fitting frame for the picture of the summer residence of the Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company with its velvety lawns, fine trees and splendid flower beds.

This programme sounded so tempting, the Australians followed it to the letter and after a pleasant week in Winnipeg started for Moosejaw their next objective point. It was August now and they wanted to see something of the wheat plains. They found the Canadian Pacific hotel at this point a miniature in comfort and luxury of appointment of its big neighbor at Winnipeg. They were lucky in getting rooms overlooking the lovely garden that the Canadian Pacific has evolved in fifteen years from a strip of prairie as bald and bare as the palm of the hand. This hotel is so beloved of travelling men that it is always crowded and the travellers learned that a $100,000 extension was to be built immediately to accommodate the ever-growing traffic from both east and south, for this is the point where the Soo line joins the main line of the Canadian Pacific.

A day was spent driving over the plains where the wheat was just showing yellow in the splendor of sunlight unbroken by cloud or the shadow of [illegible], 1500, 2000 and 3000 [illegible] field [illegible] point at which a stop was made [illegible] the Australians drove up the winding road to the Banff Springs Hotel of the

west, plunges over a precipice, making a magnificent fall. In spite of its 500

and enjoyed a bath hot from the sulphur springs miles further up the

still early and the sunrise glory was

they went hither

springs, down to the cave and basin; the drive round Tunnel Mountain and

potion at night

They fell asleep presently to the

an outlet at last in the Arctic Ocean A second, a third a fourth day they

better than Banff

louds " It is only thirty-four miles to La n and a short drive to the three lakes—Louise on

Lake Louise and the surrounding mountains that, seen for the first time holds you in its spell forever. The next few days were spent by the Australians on visits to Mirror and Agnes Lakes Paradise Valley, the Valley of the Ten Peaks and other beauty spots, and then once again the call to move

Onward past the "Great Divide" and down the Valley of the Kicking Horse round the base of Mount Stephen, which towers more than 8000 feet above the railway, and whose glacier looks as if it might fall at any minute, but which will require further aeons to move, and paused at the Mount Stephen House at Field From the balconies of this splendid house the views are gorgeous and here the Australians got the first glimpse of mining, from a tramway coming from a silver mine that seems to be somewhere on the clouds Field is the entrance to a wonderful region. A few hours' ride to the north is a most lovely Valley and Takakhan Falls that drops 1200 feet to Yoho Valley. Three days at Field proved all too short for what the travellers wanted to do, but August was running on and there was still much to see and do so the line of march was resumed with the Glacier House Glacier B C for the next objective point Domiciled in this commodious and yet homelike chalet the Australians found

themselves within speaking distance, as it were, of the world's largest ice field, the Great Glacier of the Selkirk while above the chalet rises Sir Donald grandest of all the peaks of the Selkirks A week glided away at Glacier and still much was left unseen but it had to be left for future visits

A week was divided between the comfortable hostelries of Revelstoke and Sicamous where fruit from the famous Okanagan Valley appears in

such a radiance and the terrace lawns of the chalet form such striking contrasts to the native tangle beyond

Vancouver and Hotel Vancouver, with its 250 rooms, always full and its $250,000 addition already underway. It is a hotel much affected alike by tourists and commercial travellers. The Australians revelled in the view of Mount Baker, the Coast Mountains issuing directly from the sea, the mountains of Vancouver Island across to the west and in the wonderful panorama of the waterfront and the streets and many a look back at the growth of a city that in 1886 had but one house standing after the great fire. A week was spent visiting [illegible] English Bay, New [illegible] in exploring the great fr[illegible] with [illegible] canned salmon is no unusual sight. Then came a rainy day and they explored the splendid hotel and marvelled once more at the wonderful finishing and furnishings of the beautiful native woods.

By this time it was past the middle of September and so, reluctantly they said good-bye to the mainland, boarded the luxurious Princess Victoria and in four hours had steamed across the beautiful Archipelago and landed in Victoria, Vancouver Island, and driven to the "Empress," newest and most luxuriantly-modern of all the hotels owned by the Canadian Pacific. Standing absolutely alone, at the head of the harbor it has the splendid Parliament Buildings on one hand and the best business portion of Victoria on the other.

Here the travellers finished the month of September visiting the Gorge, Beacon Hill Park, the fine museum and making brief trips to Nanaimo and other points of interest and day after day revelling in the glorious profusion of roses and dahlias abloom in every garden. All good things come to an end and on October first mother and daughter stood hand in hand on board the Empress of Japan and watched the vast line fade and the mountains become indistinct blurs and said to one another, "it is all wonderful but, after all the very Rockies themselves are not more sublime than the audacity that built, equipped and manages the Canadian Pacific."

Vestal

By Florence Earle Coates

SHE dwelt apart as one whom love passed by,
[illegible]
And as the moonlight on a wintry stream
With paly radiance doth glorify
All barren things that in its circle lie,
So, from within, love shed so fair a gleam
About her that it made her desert seem
A paradise, abloom immortally.

Without Benefit of Steam

By Louise Darby

NEARLY two centuries and a half ago the French governor of Canada fined two men £6,000, the value of the furs obtained in a trading expedition into the far Northwest, because the expedition was not authorized by the Government. A few years later a powerful English company was formed to trade in the country about Hudson Bay. To the man of to-day, accustomed to depending on the railroad, it seems a marvel that any extensive trade could be carried on in so vast a region as the Canadian Northwest without the aid of modern engines. Yet the commerce of this territory was so valuable that for a hundred years it was a bone of contention between the most powerful nations of Europe, France and England. What made this commerce possible? Two things: the wonderful system of waterways, spreading out like a fan from Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains on the West and almost to Lake Superior on the south, and the canoe.

The "Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay," as the English company was called, contented itself with establishing posts on the bay at the mouths of the large rivers. Each spring the Indians floated down the rivers in their canoes bringing furs to trade at the company's "factories." The more adventurous French quickly adopted the canoe for their own use, and early in the eighteenth century they paddled up the Ottawa, crossed the Voz Portages, floated down to Lake Nipissing and then through the French River to Georgian Bay. Threading the islands of the bay, they reached the Sault, and portaging the rapids of the St. Mary's River, finally floated on the broad waters of Lake Superior. The bolder spirits were soon over on the rivers about Lake Winnipeg and into the Hudson Bay Country. In 1728 their leader, Verandrye, even tried to reach the "Great Western Sea."

After the conquest by Wolfe, the Scotch fur traders of Montreal pushed out over the same route and established posts far up in the country that is now Manitoba Saskatchewan and Alberta. The Grand Portage, on the northwest shore of Lake Superior, became a great rendezvous. Here ended the long journey of the "mangeur de lard," pork eaters, as the voyageurs from Montreal were called, and the bold "coureurs de bois" took the bales and carried them far into the fastnesses of the Indian country. These Montreal traders improved upon the Indian canoe so that one boat could carry more than a ton of freight in addition to its crew. These canoes were so light and strong and speedy that the Indians looked upon them with awe as the gift of the Manitou. With such canoes, young Alexander MacKenzie made in 1789, his famous voyage of discovery, down the river that bears his name to the Arctic Ocean; and four years later, with his daring voyageurs, crossed the Rockies and paddling down to the Pacific realized Verandrye's dream of a journey to the Mer de [illegible].

This activity forced the Hudson Bay traders to venture away from the shores of the bay, and soon there were rival posts along all the great rivers, the Nelson, Churchill, Saskatchewan (both branches), on the Red River in the south and on Lake Athabasca in the north. Thus the waterways became routes for the two streams of commerce, one having its outlet on Hudson Bay, the other on Lake Superior. The conflict between the two

companies grew hotter and hotter until finally, in 1821 they were united as the Hudson's Bay Company, and the genius of Governor Simpson brought order out of chaos. He organized the routes of trade and introduced the York boats. These famous boats soon supplanted the canoes as freighters, though the canoes continued to be used by the officials as despatch boats. A York boat carried from three to four tons, including a crew of nine men called "tripsmen." The freight was packed in bales of about one hundred pounds each, called an inland piece. Forty pieces made a cargo. The tripsmen became so expert that they could load and pack a boat in five minutes. As soon as the ice was out in the spring, brigades of York boats started from Fort Garry (Winnipeg) in rapid succession and hurried through Lake Winnipeg and down the Nelson to York Factory at its mouth, returning loaded with general merchandise, brought from England in the company's vessel. Another important route, was that of the "portage brigade," from Lake Winnipeg up the Saskatchewan and through the lakes to Methy or Portage La Loche, more than two hundred miles northeast from Prince Albert. The return trip took four months. At Portage La Loche the brigade was met by the Mackenzie River brigade which delivered its furs and returned, laden with merchandise, to the far North, even as far as the Yukon. So this powerful company used the network of waterways, from the Arctic to the States as a comprehensive transportation system, with canoes as express and brigades of York boats as freight trains.

But for many months this transportation was securely tied up by the ice. The many posts scattered through this wide land would have been completely cut off from each other if the water had been the only means of communication. Fortunately the cold that closed the rivers also brought the snow, and another mode of travel was made possible. Sledges drawn by dogs and runners on snow shoes could make their way from post to post, though slowly and with great difficulty. To the lonely men, shut up so far from the world, letters and newspapers were the most welcome gifts the gods could send, and as mail carriers the sledges and snow shoe runners could be used. Governor Simpson, the organizer, arranged the winter schedule so that each post would receive and send out mail at least once during the season. About December tenth the winter packet left Fort Garry for the north. Three hundred and fifty miles over snow and ice the dogs jingled their bells, until Norway House at the foot of Lake Winnipeg was reached. There the mail was rearranged and divided into two packets, one going east to York Factory on Hudson Bay and the other up the Saskatchewan to Carlton House, where it turned south again and returned to Fort Garry through the Swan River district. At Carlton House, runners from the upper Saskatchewan met the packet, delivered their mail, received some in return, and hastened back to Edmonton (the farthest north of the present railway system). There they were met by runners from Athabasca and the Mackenzie. A newspaper brought a thousand miles by dog sledge and snow-shoes! It must have been appreciated!

With the settlement on the Red River, the demands for freightage exceeded the capacity of the York boats and the settlers began to send their goods overland in carts. These "Red River carts" were two wheeled affairs, built entirely of wood without nails or other hardware, and were drawn by ponies harnessed in rough tanned oxhide, called "shagganappi." From the harness the ponies came to be called shagganappi ponies. Ten of these carts with three men formed a brigade, and three hundred carts used to start every season on the "trip" to St Paul over the prairies. Another much travelled route was across country to Carlton House, each trip being about five hundred miles long. In later days these carts travelled even as

far as Edmonton, taking a whole summer for the round trip.

Far away on the western prairies, where later the cattle barons held sway, the early traders used the Indian pony and "travoie" for carrying large packs. The travoie is just the Indian device of two poles fastened together over the back of the horse with the ends dragging on the ground behind. Over the pathless springy turf of the prairies the ponies hauled incredibly large loads.

The day of such primitive modes of travel could not last forever. In Eastern Canada and in the States to the south steam engines were rapidly coming into use, first in boats and then on the railroad. With the Confederation of Canada began the great struggle between the Dominion and the Hudson Bay Company for the vast territory which the company had jealously controlled for two centuries. Finally the Government paid the company a cash bonus and one twentieth of all the land, and the Northwest was thrown open to settlement. It took some years to overcome the impression, carefully fostered by the company, that the country west of Lake Superior was habitable only by Indians, Eskimos, and fur bearing animals.

Slowly the tide turned. In 1886 the first Canadian Pacific train crossed the continent, settlement following quickly where it had not preceded. During the last ten years the tide of settlement has been flowing faster and faster until it has reached remarkable proportions—and the end is not yet.

With this magic growth in population and its accompanying needs the transportation facilities have kept pace. On the 10 000 miles of navigable rivers, steam and tows of flat boats have taken the place of canoe and York boats, and railroads, whose mileage increases from day to day, are covering the face of the land. In the more thickly settled portions the rails have already gridironed the country and are fast pushing out into the remote and undeveloped sections, where they are followed, almost over night, by towns with electric lights and grain elevators. The Canadian Pacific has built innumerable branch lines; the Canadian Northern, with its eastern terminus on Lake Superior, has a mileage of 2400; another transcontinental line, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is being built with its main line running through Edmonton, the present farthest north of the other roads, and it will send a branch up into the Klondike to Dawson; and the Great Northern is pushing over the border and will build far up into the Canadian country. The Canadian Pacific was built wih the help of immense Government subsidies, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk receive less, and the Hill road will be built without one cent of aid, relying only on the natural wealth of the country to pay the dividends on the large capital invested.

It is curious to compare the present transportation routes with those used before the advent of the steam engine. The old canoe route from Lake Superior to Fort Garry is paralleled to-day by both the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern from Fort William, Port Arthur to Winnipeg. The winter packet's trip from Edmonton to Fort Garry is paralleled by the main line of the Canadian Northern. The railroad early caused the disappearance of the picturesque Red River cart and its accompanying tripper from St. Paul and St. Cloud. The Canadian Northern will build to Fort Churchill and again the summer shipping in Hudson Bay will become of commercial importance. The projected Georgian Bay canal will complete a deep water way from Lake Superior to the St. Lawrence, over practically the old canoe route to Montreal; so that in a few years sea-going ships will load at Fort William. Of course the routes for boats along the rivers remain the same, although their relative importance is less, except in the far north, where the rivers are still for the traveler the path of least resistance.

Thus, suddenly, like the coming of its own spring, has this northern country developed from a wilderness into an organized, modern commonwealth. Where yesterday the mangeur de lard and the coureur de bois

met for a brief carouse, the arc light now shows grain ships loading from the largest elevator in the world; where the trippers with their ponies and creaking carts gathered once a year for the three months' journey to St. Paul, the continuous clang of bell and shrill of steam is heard, as trains depart for all points of the compass; and far in the north, where voyageurs labored perilously a whole summer to reach the Arctic, it is now but a pleasant vacation jaunt on a Mackenzie River boat. The Spring of this country's development is but just slipping into Summer, what shall the Harvest be?

The Green Stone Ring

By Charles F. Raymond

THERE was a mystery about the man. I felt it as soon as I saw him and heard him speak. But not until November first of this year were the facts of his life before me.

It was rather late when he got onto the sleeper at—and took his berth which was just above mine. I was fatigued and had retired early. But with that curiosity which possesses most mortals, I peered out from well behind the curtains, interested in learning just who my companion of the next few days would be

The passengers were nearly all in their berths and the good-natured porter had turned the lights low. In the dimness, I saw the form of a man whose hair was white but whose erect figure spoke of youth. His voice was young, too, but with an infinite sadness in it.

"Porter," he said. "wake me at five minutes to three and do not fail."

"We ain't nowhere about that time, sah, the first station am—"

"Wake me at five minutes to three," he repeated quietly. "Take this that you may be accurate." Suiting the action to the word he handed the porter a heavy peculiar looking silver watch.

As I have said, I felt the mystery of the man from the first. I now made a mental suggestion to myself that I would awake when the porter called him. I did so and I heard a voice say, "All right, my watch now."

"Yes sah."

The curtains were drawn again and nothing was heard save the low rumble of the sleeper on the rails.

Sleep was taking possession of me again when I heard a low voice from above

Impelled by a curiosity of which I was ashamed I leaned with my ear as close as possible to the upper berth, and heard these strange words,

"Spirit, I am on my—" The rest was lost in the whistle of the train.

Again I listened and heard the words,

"Spirit, I am on my way—" then there was silence.

Nature will not be cheated and I fell asleep and did not wake until the porter drew the curtains aside and informed me that all were up save myself.

My mysterious companion of the night was dressed and in the smoking compartment of the car. He had been up some time for his cigar was nearly finished.

He was a man of striking appearance, full brown eyes looking out from beneath heavy brows, handsome and aristocratic features. The face under his white hair was that of a man about thirty. His hands were those of one who did no manual labor, and on the little finger of his right hand there shone a green stone in a light setting of silver.

Anxious to get some clue to the strange words I had heard the night before I tried to engage him in conversation. He was perfectly civil but it was evident that he was lost in his own thoughts and impatient of interruption. Naturally my interest grew. I found myself wishing for the night, thinking to hear the remainder of the mysterious sentence.

Again I gave myself the suggestion before slumber that I would immediately wake should the porter visit my section, and the first touch on the curtains found me awake. An instant later I heard the voice of the man in the upper berth:

"All right," he said, "my watch now."

Listening, if possible, more intently than ever I presently heard the words, "Spirit, I am on my way—"

The suspense was maddening. I pressed my ear closer to the wall above me. Again I heard the words but could catch no more.

The third time I heard, "Spirit, I am on my way to pay my vow." Then all was silence.

The next day I found the white-haired man more approachable. He seemed glad to escape from his own society and we spent a large share of the day together. There was much to talk about. He had seen life and had travelled extensively. But while I had the feeling that he had explored every corner of my mind and soul, I was no whit nearer the solution of the mystery.

We detrained at Winnipeg, and for two days we were almost constantly together. And still I knew nothing further of him than that he was an Englishman and his name was Francis Ard'eigh

On the evening of the third day I met him at dinner. "I leave for the West to-morrow," he said. I was genuinely sorry, quite apart from any consideration of my unsatisfied curiosity.

"I hope we shall meet again," I said, "Shall you be back this way?"

He did not answer that. Instead he said, "I wish you would come to my room some time this evening; will you?"

Of course I assented but business detained me and it was late when I reached there. He was waiting however.

Drawing from his pocket a parchment envelope he handed it to me Looking at it I read the words, "To be opened November first, 1907."

The white-haired man with the young tragic face waited until I had read the superscription; then he spoke.

"I know that I can trust you," he said simply. "I want your promise not to open this until the date written on it—November first, 1907, at 3.05 a m "

I considered a moment, then I promised

He rose and gave me his hand. "I thank you," he said, "Good-bye." He turned and was gone.

Looking about I found that his luggage had been removed. I enquired at the office but they were sure he had left some hours previously. I never saw him again. Nor, until November first of this year, did I know the mystery of his life.

The day and hour arrived. I opened the parchment envelope and found four closely written sheets within. At the top was written,

"My confession."

It ran as follows:

"I was the only son of parents who had the means and the inclination to gratify my every caprice. Neither by nature nor training was I fitted to deal philosophically, or even rationally, with any sudden blow. Withal I was of a disposition that trusted implicitly any whom I had claimed as a friend. For years everything smiled upon me and when, at the age of twenty-five, I became engaged to the belle of that London season, a beautiful creature with a delicate spiritual face and wonderful violet eyes, I felt that life was indeed a boon. My whole soul was wrapped up in Margaret and I believe that she returned my feelings fully. We spent heavenly days together, planning our future life, pitying all the world but ourselves.

"I had a friend, Ralph Ingraham, who had been one of Margaret's admir-

ers before she promised to be my wife. He more than anyone else was the confident of our happiness.

"I know, now, that all the time he was trying to supplant me. Then, I was blind.

"A short time before the day set for our wedding I was obliged to make a short trip in connection with my property.

"Margaret and I parted as lovers part. I returned to find her gone—fled with my friend.

"My first impulse was to seek him out and kill him but that was too kind a fate. I shut myself away from my friends who would have sympathized and devoted myself to planning my revenge.

"Six months later I received my chance. I learned from private sources that Ralph was obliged to go to Western Canada and would be in Winnipeg at a certain time. I was there to meet him. Had Margaret been with him I think my purpose might have faltered but he had left her in Italy where they had been since leaving England. He was alone.

"With a skill that I learned from the evil to which I had sold myself, I greeted Ralph, laughingly assured him that what he had done was wisest for all of us, and listened while he described to me Margaret's ever increasing loveliness and the admiration she excited wherever they went. He was wearing a ring set with a green stone that was an heirloom in Margaret's family and that was supposed to possess some wonderful power, but just what no one knew. Margaret and I had often speculated about it and about the strange old silver watch that was a legacy from the same ancestor. He was carrying the watch also. It was very beautifully carved and he liked the attention it attracted.

"You can imagine how my hate grew and how my purpose strengthened. My plan was not complete but I knew that in some way I should soon accomplish my revenge.

"It was but a day or two before the way opened. Ralph, in the highest spirits at finding me so complaisant, proposed of his own will a hunting trip into the wilds of the great Saskatchewan. That was all I asked. It was the loneliness that I needed for my revenge. We had an Indian guide when we started but I managed to get rid of him and we went on alone together. The game was plentiful and Ralph congratulated himself on having come. Sometimes in the stillness and the beauty of nature I would for an instant forget what it was that had brought me here but it always came back to me with tenfold bitterness. Even if my thoughts had not of themselves reverted to my wrongs, Ralph would not have allowed me to forget them. Margaret's name was ever on his lips and it was not long before I was cognizant of all the steps by which he had persuaded her that it was he she really loved. He had no shame for his perfidy; rather he took pride in having outwitted me.

"The days went on until the time was ripe. One evening we came to a little river of which I had learned from the Indians. Early the next morning we launched our canoe upon it. Almost in less time than it takes me to write this, my enemy was struggling in the water, then a quicksand had him. The Indians had told me the truth. I moved the craft away. Then as he pleaded for mercy I promised him that for the watch and the ring I would spare his life. I could not bear that Margaret's possessions should go down with him. Eagerly, trembling with haste and terror, he held them out.

Cautiously I moved within arm's length. Had he reached out and grasped my hand, I too would have been in the water. But he trusted me, even as I had once trusted him. I took the ring and the watch and moved away to a safe distance. Then while he slowly sank I talked to him of Margaret. As I had suffered, so I meted out suffering to him. He sank to the shoulder; to the neck; then a few bubbles and it was all over. I looked at the silver watch. It was five minutes past three.

"I returned to London. I had taken no particular caution but I was

not suspected of connection with Ralph's disappearance. Margaret came back to her parents. I caught a glimpse of her once in a closed carriage. She was in deep mourning and her eyes looked startingly large and dark in her white face. She saw me and a look I could not fathom crept over her features, remorse, grief, and what seemed to me an agony of horror.

"A week later she sent for me. Even with all that lay between us my heart leaped at the summons. It sank again when I saw her face. Anguished accusation was on it

"'Francis,' she said, 'I wronged you and I wronged myself. It is too late to speak of that now. But I want you to know that I take my share of responsibility for your crime.'

"I felt my face grow ashy. Until her voice brought it home to me I had had no feeling about the deed I had done, except that I had accomplished a thing that I had to do. I had been in a sort of dream. Now, of a sudden, I saw the act as it was. But how did she know? What did she know?

"'Until to day,' she said, as if in answer to my thoughts, 'you have worn the ring. And every day that you have worn it I have known where you were, have seen you, have heard your voice.'

"I stared at her, unable to speak. Even then I wondered at her calmness. Poor Margaret; she had conquered her emotions before she sent for me. All these months she had been living over the horror of what she had, in some awful vision, seen. She went on after a moment.

"'That must be the power of the ring about which we wondered. Do you remember how that once when we were looking at it you slipped it on and when I was called out of the room I knew all that you had done during my absence. We planned then to test it but we never did. Other things came up and we forgot it.

"'One morning, four months ago I was in the garden of the villa where I was living in Fiesole. I had been gathering flowers and my arms were full of them. Suddenly I saw before me a wild scene; great trees, a swift flowing river, the awful hushed beauty of primeval nature. It was as if the Italian garden had been blotted out and this other scene put in its place. And then I saw you. You were in a little boat, a canoe, and I saw my ring on your finger. I could see no one but you' — she shuddered — 'but I heard your words. Then you were silent and after an instant you took my old silver watch from your pocket and looked at it. I could see the time. It was five minutes past three.'

'Margaret's voice was silent. We sat looking into each other's wretched eyes. It was I who spoke, finally.

'"Ralph wore the ring,' I said. Did you ever see him in a vision?'

"She shook her head. 'Others had worn it. I never saw anyone but you.'

"Then we were silent again. I knew that it was my awful crime, not Ralph's death, that put that agonized look into her eyes. Some influence he had had over her that had enabled him to persuade her to fly with him before my return, but it was I all the time that had her love. That was why she could see me when I wore the ring and could see none of the others.

'We parted with a clasp of the hand. That night I left London. I came back to the land that was the scene of my crime. I hope that, by my expiation, I may win for Margaret some measure of peace. Surely if my suffering be great enough she may be spared. It is for this that every night, at that horrible hour, I am awakened that I may meditate on my sin. I am never for one instant free from the thought of it. My hair has grown white since I started on this journey.

"To night I have sent the ring and the watch to Margaret. Now I go to pay my vow, to die as died the man I murdered."

Two Years in Regina

By H. C. Lawson

Secretary Regina Board of Trade

WHEN the editors of the principal western papers called a meeting recently to deal with the question of telegraph rates, Regina was selected as the most central point, and visitors from Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Nelson, B. C., and other places foregathered there. Their comments on the city were interesting and highly gratifying to the citizens. The men who had been there two or three years before were loud in their exclamations of astonishment and praise. "The way these streets are kept would give points to many a larger city," was a generally voiced opinion.

The truth is, Regina has been spending money on herself, spending it wisely, and it shows. She has, in the last two years, expended more than $600,000 on her business thoroughfares, and now the sidewalks and pavements are such as do her credit.

Everyone knows how one new article of furniture seems to necessitate other new ones. A city that shines resplendent with asphalt pavements and up-to-date curbs and sidewalks needs the best in a water supply system and drainage. So something over $160 000 was spent for a new pump and sewers and water mains.

Regina has an excellent water supply from the springs of the Boggy Creek and with the improved system no city can surpass her in the matter of drinking water, over a million gallons daily being now available, in contrast with 200,000 gallons a year ago.

It is a matter of congratulation that Regina has been able to accomplish all her improvements without raising the rate of taxation which still stands at the same figure, namely fifteen mills, of which only eight mills is available for general purposes, seven mills being required for school purposes.

From an educational standpoint Regina maintains a position worthy of the capital of the Province. The Victoria school was completed about a year ago and is a handsome building situated in the South-west portion of the city. It contains ten rooms with accommodation for 500 pupils. The Alexandra school has six rooms with accommodation for 300 pupils and is situated in the centre of the city.

About two years ago a small school was built at the North end of the city with accommodation for one hundred pupils but this year this has had to be supplemented by the new Alberta school. This is a very handsome building at the North end of the city, and cost $60 000. It has 10 rooms with accommodation for 500 pupils. It is steam heated and has every modern improvement.

Some idea of the rapidity with which Regina is growing may be gathered from the fact that the number of pupils attending school is fifty per cent (50%) greater to-day than it was a year ago.

Since the schools re-opened after the summer holidays, four new rooms have had to be added.

In addition to these the high school has four rooms with one hundred pupils and four teachers; and the normal or training school, which is under the direction of the Provincial

Government, is located in the Alexandra school.

This year will also see the completion of the new City Hall. This beautiful building stands on the old market square between Hamilton and Rose streets facing Eleventh Avenue, and will cost $150,000. The new Post Office and Custom House building is nearly opposite, being on the corner of Scarth Street and Eleventh Avenue. It is one of the handsomest Post Offices in Western Canada. It is expected that this building will be ready for occupation by the spring.

Other very substantial buildings have been erected this year. One of the largest of these is the Darke Block on Eleventh Avenue, which is nearing completion. It contains stores on the ground floor and eighteen suites of offices on the four stories above. It is on concrete steel reinforced construction and modern in every way. Next to this building on the corner of Cornwall street and Eleventh Avenue is the Masonic Temple, constructed of solid pressed brick. It is now occupied and practically completed and is devoted to stores, offices and lodge rooms.

The Metropolitan Methodist church on the corner of Lorne street and Eleventh Avenue was opened on Sept 22. This is a very handsome building constructed of red pressed brick.

The Young Men's Christain Association building, on the corner of Cornwall street and Twelfth Avenue, will be ready for occupation early in the year.

A very large number of residences have been erected this year and some very handsome ones among them.

But perhaps the chief pride of the city are the new hotels Regina is a hospitable place and it has been a source of regret to her that she could not offer adequate entertainments to more then a small number of strangers within her gates. Now, however many come, and very many do come, there is a place for them.

A western city that puts her mind to it can accomplish a great deal in two years. Regina is a bright and ever brighter example of that fact.

Nubbles and the Queen's Supper

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"

MY MY! Fairies are just the busiest folks in all the world, and you thought fairies didn't have anything to do but play all day?

Sometimes they have to water the grass and flowers with their little dew-jars, and sometimes they have to tell the flowers when to open, and wake them up in the spring, and sometimes they have to keep the fairy queen's palace all spotless shining white, and sometimes they have to take a lost bug home, and sometimes they have to come and tell children stories so they will be [illegible], but there are always lots of things for the fairies to do.

Of course they don't all do the same things. The bees are honey-makers, and the ants mark the little [illegible], and the fat bumble-bee makes yellow corn bread, but you must [illegible] you'll see baskets full of it on his legs—and some of [illegible] thing and some another. But they all are busy as [illegible]

Fairy bread is made up in the Daisy Bakery, where [illegible] and see the flour spilt all about any summer day, and Mrs. Ant is the baker. The bees bring the honey to every fairy's door in the morning, but Mrs. Ant never gets through her baking until afternoon, and one warm day she had just taken the last loaf out when her oldest boy, Nubbles, came in.

"You're just in time, Nubbles dear," she said. "I want you to take this loaf down to the fairy queen's palace, and you shall have a drink of honey when you come back."

So Nubbles took the loaf, went down the stem of the daisy-tree, crossed the grass-bridge, scampered down the grass-road, and what do you suppose he found where the back-door ought to be? Why, he found Little-Boy, sound asleep under a rose-bush, right square on top of the palace back yard. Well, sir, Nubbles didn't know what to do. He tried to crawl under, but there wasn't room. He tickled Little-Boy's nose

with one feeler, but Little-Boy put up his hand in his sleep, and nearly knocked Nubbles over, so he ran around and around, and didn't know what to do.

Just then Billiken came trotting down Daisy Lane on his pet beetle, and he took a straw and tickled Little-Boy's nose.

"Ker-chu!" said Little-Boy, and opened his eyes.

"Hello, Billiken!" he said. "Was that you tickling my nose?"

"Well, I should think so," said Billiken. "Why, here you are lying right on top of the fairy queen's back door, and Nubbles can't get over the bread for her supper."

Up hopped Little Boy and looked, and sure enough there was Nubbles trotting around, trying to find where in the world the fairy door had gone to.

"Well, did you ever!" said Little-Boy.

"No, I never!" answered Billiken. "Come on. Let's have a game of romps!"

And off they went to fairy land.

DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ "HELLO, BILLIKEN! WAS THAT YOU TICKLING MY NOSE?"

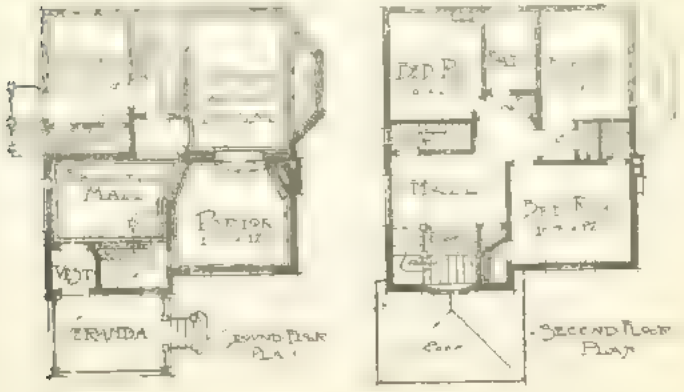
THE residence in this issue is in the Elizabethan style. The exterior is of frame and Old English half-timbered work; the windows, most of which are leaded, carry out the idea, and the appearance of the house is more than ordinarily attractive.

The interior is pleasant and homelike. The ground floor has a vestibule, a large hall, parlor, dining-room and kitchen: the pantry is in an ideal location, and is fitted up with all the most modern appurtenances. There is a rear stair from the kitchen to the second floor which is an item of great convenience. The main stair is in a novel and pleasing position, and is of good proportions. It will be noted that all rooms are accessible from the large hall. The parlor has a mantel and fireplace; the dining-room and stairs have seats in convenient places and the former has a large bay window which greatly adds to the attractiveness of the room. The reception room is well lighted and roomy and practically adds another room to the house.

The second floor has three bed chambers, each with a large closet; there is also a linen closet off the hall and a medicine closet off the bath room. In the event of wishing to use the available space in the attic a stair may be built over the rear stair from the ground floor to the second. There is a large basement with concrete floor, and here will be found an ash-pit, fuel-bin, soft water tank and furnace. The plumbing is of the best and the building is heated by hot air.

Any person contemplating the erection of a home would do well to thoroughly examine this design; it may be reversed to suit any location. The cost of building is $3300.

ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE



SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

A HARRISON FISHER COVER

THE CANADA-WEST cover designs are attracting much favorable comment for their variety as well as for their artistic value. For the March number we have a design by Harrison Fisher, one of his deservedly-famous girls' heads—and one of the most charming that he has ever done. This will illustrate "In the Ruins," a story of peculiar and searching interest by Cy Warman.

THE GOLDEN YEAR

CHRISTMAS [illegible] liness, its gifts, its family re-unions, its laughter of little children, and its smiles of retrospection and peace from the silvered heads in the inglenook—the smiles that reach the borderland of a country that we in our lives of rush and turmoil and attemptings have little time to think of

"The year goes on and on!
Or winter dusk, or summer dawn -
Or fang of frost or kiss of rose,
The year goes on, and ever goes;
But rounds it not from Winter's stress,
To Summer's lavish fruitfulness?
Aye, gleam with gloom, and smile with tear,
Our harvest ripens none the less—
Our harvest of *The Golden Year*."

And New Year's day has come and gone. With noise and rejoicings we saw the old year out, and welcomed in the young heir, nineteen hundred and eight, and we made the usual crop of good resolutions. There's a perennial joy in cleaning off an old year's slate, and sitting back in a Morris chair with a good cigar and weaving grand and noble determinations into the curling smoke.

But now Old February is here, prosaic February, and we want something solider than smoke and not so fine-spun. Let's not make any new resolutions this year; let's work awhile on the old ones.

First of all, then, there's that old determination about "knocking." Canada is the best country on the map. The weather's just right. Our wife is ten times a better wife than we had any right to draw by all the laws of the game. And our friends! We wouldn't change our friends for the fattest farm on the fat Saskatchewan. And then 1908 is going to be the biggest and brightest and best year that we have known. It's going to be big and bright, because, thank God, we've grown a bit since last year; we've found out that this old world is awfully like a looking-glass. It gives back to you just exactly what you take to it.

Therefore, in 1908, we shall take smiles to the looking glass of the work-a-day world. We shall see them ripple back from hard, old, wrinkled faces whose lines had almost forgotten the trick. And we'll take cheery words out into the market-place, and just fling them at the people we meet. we're going to surprise some people who have thought us a grouch. They'll have another thought coming. Half the money stringency, no, four-fifths of it, was caused by the "knockers." The Christian Scientists can teach us all one thing. They have grasped the fact that thought is the biggest thing we know anything about.

Canada is going to have a wonderful year; mines, forests, fisheries, pulpwoods, fruit, wheat, never before were in such richly promising condition. The eyes of the economic world are turned on Canada with anticipation. It is up to all of us this year, as it never was before to make good. One man can't do it, and two men can't;

it's like the good old games you played at preparatory school, Rugby, and lacrosse, and "soccer" and big-side hare-and-hounds, every fellow has got to get in and play for the side. And the side in this game is Canada, not Manitoba or Alberta or Saskatchewan or British Columbia, not even that subtle phrase that we love so well "Western Canada," but the biggest thing "*The Dominion of Canada.*"

Come, let us all pull together, and together will we reap "*our harvest of the Golden Year.*"

WHERE GROW MILADY'S FURS

MISS Agnes Deans Cameron whose articles on Canada—particularly the recent one on "Wheat, the Wizard of the North" in the Atlantic Monthly—have been attracting such wide-spread attention, will write in next month's CANADA-WEST on "Where Grow Milady's Furs." Miss Cameron is a Canadian who knows her country thoroughly and who is always sure of readers. There is much of romance as well as of practical interest in the story of the fur trade and Miss Cameron may be trusted to do it full justice.

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON

MR. Ernest Thompson Seton, the prince of the nature-story tellers, has felt the spell of the great north-west and writes enthusiastically of the strange new things that he discovered in his long journey through that land of surprises. It is of the greatest interest to get the view point of a sincere, clear-headed thinker like Mr. Seton and as to the charm of his descriptions, no one who has read "The Biography of a Grizzly," or "The Trail of a Sand-hill Stag," or any of the other stories that have taken their places as animal-story classics, will need to be assured of that. The CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE will publish in the April issue the first article that Mr. Seton wrote on his return from the north. He calls it "The White Man's Last Opportunity," and it will be illustrated with photographs taken by Mr. Seton.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

IN announcing last month our coming series of articles by Doctor Shailer Mathews on "The Modern Man and the Gospel," we took the ground that while they may not talk a great deal about it, to most men the subject of religion is of very vital interest. The letters that have come to us since the announcement of the articles give an added support to that opinion. We regret that the space this month does not allow of more than one letter, so that our readers might have some idea of the variety of views expressed. On one point, however, there was remarkable unanimity; no one of the writers questions or denies the great interest that the subject has for the present day man and woman. The letter which follows is typical in point of view of several that were received. Next month we shall print others.

"EDITOR CANADA-WEST,

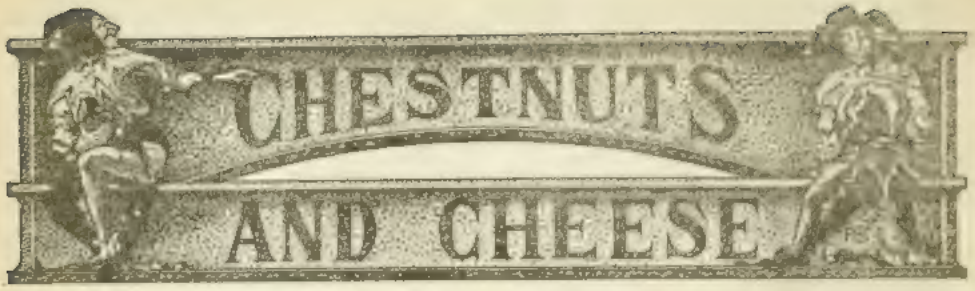
Dear Sir,—You ask, is the modern man less religious than his forbears? No, he is not but his ideas of what constitute religion have changed. He has eliminated the superstition; the belief in miracles—he sees in Jesus a brother, a man born in all respects like as we were and divine even as we all are. He regards as sacred whatever serves mankind and not anything else. For him religion is to do good, to be kind, to love justice; he does right because it is right, not to gain a reward after death; and as to another life he "does not know." If there be one surely the best way to prepare for it is to do all the good he can while here.

Jan. 1st, 1908. F. M. WHEELER."

CANADA'S FIRST FARMER

AN exceedingly interesting article to appear in the March CANADA-WEST is by Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa and a man well known to Canadians. The CANADA-WEST has from time to time published articles by him all marked by careful scholarship, broad reading and the writer's gift of selecting the significant and interesting points. In "Western Canada's First Farmer" he has found material of a decidedly novel character and has presented it with his accustomed skill.

The Editor.



IN HER OWN COUNTRY.

"THE Zulu belle like a prophet is,"
Said punning Tim O'Connor,
"For, in her native land, you see,
She never has much on 'er."

TEN-YEAR-OLD Fred was going to a party for the first time.

"Here's half a dollar, Fred," said his father; "if it rains be sure and take a cab home."

When Fred got home he was thoroughly drenched.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" exclaimed his father.

"I did, father," replied Fred; "and I sat on the box all the way home. It was glorious."

A TEACHER in a Winnipeg school had found great difficulty in training her pupils to pronounce final *g*. One day when a small boy was reading, he came to a sentence that he pronounced as follows: "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, Johnny," interrupted the teacher, "you made a mistake. Don't you remember what I've been telling you? Try that last sentence again."

Johnny reread as before, "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, no," said the teacher a little impatiently. "Don't you know all I've told you about pronouncing the *g*?"

Johnny's face lightened, and he began again confidently: "*Gee*, what a good time I am havin'!"

AN old South Carolina darkey was sent to the city hospital.

Upon his arrival he was placed in the ward and one of the nurses put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. Presently, when the doctor made the rounds, he said:

"Well, my man, how do you feel?"

"I feel right tol'ble, sar."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Yassar."

"What did you have?"

"A lady done gimme a piece of glass ter suck, sar."

A LADY OF NOTE.

SHE was musical, quite, so she made a gown
Of organdie, cleverly planned,
With accordeon plaits running all up and down,
And fluted to beat the band.
She looked truly swell, and would frequently harp
On being high toned and all that,
And of course to B natural, had to B sharp
Enough to abide in A flat.

MRS. Homer—Don't you think your husband is rather headstrong for an invalid?

Mrs. Neighbor—Yes, and the doctor to blame for it, too.

Mrs. Homer—Indeed! And why, pray?

Mrs. Neighbor—He won't allow him to take any nourishment but goat's milk.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

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NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

The city of New Westminster, B. C., on the banks of the Fraser River, enjoys the distinction of being the only fresh water harbor for ocean going vessels on the Canadian Pacific coast. It is the business centre of a large developed agricultural district. Some of the largest lumber mills of the coast are located on the Fraser within the city limits, and immense quantities of building materials are loaded direct to ocean going vessels for export to Mexico, South America and Great Britain. Upwards of fifty manufacturing plants are in full swing. Good openings for flour mills, shoe factory, fruit and vegetables canneries, splendid transportation facilities are afforded by the C. P. R., G. N. R., and three suburban electric car lines now running and under construction, and numerous lines of Fraser River steamboats. Population 12,000 and rapidly increasing.

EDMONTON.

This young capital city of Alberta is beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. The city owns and operates its water service, electric light plant and telephone system. Edmonton is essentially a modern and model town and is being built up by young business men of progressive ideas and keen foresight. It is served by three railway lines and is surrounded by the richest and blackest crop-producing soil in the world. Edmonton offers to-day opportunities to the wholesaler. There is unlimited work for the carpenter and builder. Money is to be made in the Edmonton district in cattle and dairying, in the raising of sheep and hogs, and the growing of flax. Lignite coal and natural gas, cheap power and ample shipping facilities make easy the way for the far-seeing and ambitious manufacturer.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.